The Nation

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Summary of the News

The final figures of the Presidential election, which are not likely to be greatly modified by the official count, give President Wilson 276 electoral votes and Mr. Hughes 255. President Wilson's popular plurality, on returns at present available, is estimated at a little more than 417,000. Of the two States on whose final vote the result of the election turned, Republican Minnesota, on the unofficial count, went to Mr. Hughes by a plurality of only 260, while Progressive California returned President Wilson by more than 3,000. Even now the final result in the former State will not be definitely known until all the votes of the National Guard on the border have been counted. The Republicans decline formally to concede the reëlection of Mr. Wilson until after the result of the official count in California is known, as a reversal there would give Mr. Hughes 268 votes and Mr. Wilson 263, but it is not seriously expected that any such startling change will be revealed. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to note that Mr. Hughes has frowned upon any tendency to raise the cry of fraud.

If, however, the charge of fraud is happily absent in the present election, other charges and recriminations a-plenty are flying about. Mr. Wilson's small plurality in New York city —only a little more than 40,000—has led to charges that the President was "knifed" by Tammany, while Tammany indignantly protests its injured innocence and declares that Mr. Wilson has only himself to blame, having by his uncompromising attitude towards Jeremiah O'Leary *et id genus omne* (though Tammany doesn't put it quite that way) alienated a number of voters. In California the fight in the Republican-Progressive camp is fast and furious. The country at large has suddenly been awakened to the fact, hitherto only dimly perceptible through the smoke and dust of the political fray, that Mr. Hughes went to California and failed to shake hands with Gov. Johnson. Follow mutual recriminations: on the one side that sinister influences kept the candidate from clasping the hand of the Progressive prodigal; on the other, that it was Gov. Johnson himself who concealed himself at the approach of Mr. Hughes. These charges and counter-charges happily are the concern of a party, not of mankind. The fact remains that Gov. Johnson was returned to the United States Senate by a plurality of 300,000, while Mr. Hughes was defeated for the Presidency by 3,000.

It remains to record briefly other features of this remarkable election. The most important is the composition of the House. Indications as we write are that here the Republicans will have a slight technical majority (probably of from four to seven votes) over the Democrats, while the balance of power will rest with the independents: a Prohibitionist, a Socialist, an avowed Independent, a Progressive, and a Protectionist. In the Senate the Democratic majority remains, though reduced in number. As a result of the election four more States have gone "dry," *viz.*, Michigan, Nebraska, Montana, and South Dakota. Woman suffrage was defeated in the only two States, South Dakota and West Virginia, that voted on the question, but as compensation suffragists have the return, from Montana, of the first Congresswoman in the person of Miss Jeanette Rankin. Socialists profess elation at an increase of some 25 per cent. in the vote for their Presidential candidate, which is estimated at between 1,200,000 and 1,500,000, as against 916,000 in 1912. The so-called "hyphen" vote, which was discussed with more heat and less light than any issue of the election, appears not to have done either candidate any particular good or any particular harm.

Opinion in Washington seems to be pretty well agreed that one of the first problems to which Mr. Wilson will have to turn his attention now that the campaign is out of the way will be the submarine question. Admiralty reports from London are that the P. and O. liner Arabia, whose destruction we recorded last week, was torpedoed without warning, only the fact that she remained afloat an unusually long time after the explosion being responsible for the saving of all but two of her passengers and crew. One American was on board. The American steamship Columbian, the attack on which we also recorded last week, it is now definitely established was sunk by a German submarine. The case of the Marina remains as it was when we wrote last week. Meanwhile submarines continue active, paying particular attention to Norwegian ships, and the tension between Norway and Germany, as a result of Norway's official declaration of policy towards submarines and the German protest against that policy, grows daily more acute.

Rumania, and particularly the Dobrudja front, has again been the centre of interest in the military operations. In Dobrudja Mackensen has retreated at a rate that is somewhat surprising, and the Rumanians, having reoccupied Hirsova and Topal, are pressing on to the Cernavoda-Constanza Railway. Some surprise was caused at the end of last week by the news that a battle was proceeding *west* of the Danube for possession of the bridgehead over the river at Cernavoda. The situation is admittedly obscure, but it may indicate that Mackensen has managed to throw some of his forces across the Danube by means of a temporary bridge, and that these forces have been attacked by the part of the Rumanian army which crossed the river during the retreat, blowing up the permanent bridge behind them, assisted no doubt by Russian reinforcements. Regarding operations on the Transylvanian front official reports have not been precise enough to warrant any conclusion more definite than that the Rumanians, supported by heavy Russian reinforcements, have regained the initiative.

In the Somme region the British started a powerful thrust on Monday, on a five-mile front north of the Ancre, which resulted in an advance at some points of 2,000 yards. The strongly fortified village of St. Pierre Divion was taken by storm, and also the powerful position at Beaumont-Hamel. The British announce the capture of more than 4,000 prisoners in the first day's action. The French last week managed to establish possession of the long-disputed Saillisel. Dispatches from London on Monday recorded a Servian victory on the Cerna River resulting in an advance of seven miles.

Attention should be called to the statement issued on November 9 by Baron Beyens, Belgian Foreign Minister, charging the German authorities with rounding up and deporting to work in Germany practically all the able-bodied men in occupied Belgium. Tuesday's papers published an eloquent protest from Cardinal Mercier which provides a pungent answer to German professions that the deportations are dictated by humanitarian motives.

The most interesting thing to note about the speech of the German Chancellor before the Main Committee of the Reichstag on November 9 is its difference in tone from that which he formerly adopted. Now it is all of the horrors of war and the desire of Germany to join in, even to lead, a league of nations to "restrain the disturber of peace." Charging the Allies with schemes of annexation, which included Alsace and Lorraine, the Chancellor plaintively declared that he, for his part, had never even expressed an intention to annex Belgium. A considerable portion of the speech was devoted to re-proving that it was not Germany that began the war, but England, by not stopping the Russian mobilization.

In Greece actual civil war seems for the moment to have been averted by the withdrawal, apparently under advice of the Allies, of the insurgents from Katerina, and of the Government troops southwards to the Peloponnesus. Another note was presented by the Entente Powers to the Government last week, but beyond the statement that it contained a protest against the continuance of the Pro-German propaganda, no official hint as to its contents has been given. A Reuter dispatch of November 11 stated, however, that it contained demands, to which the Greek Government had agreed, that officials and officers should be allowed full liberty to join the provisional Government.

The American-Mexican Joint Commission, reconvening on November 10, was confronted with a situation by no means promising. Reports of conditions in Mexico must always be accepted with reserve, but there appears to be little room for doubt that the State of Chihuahua is beyond the control of Carranza, and that in Southern Mexico the Legalistas, under Felix Diaz, are showing considerable strength. Parral, Santa Rosalia, and Jiminez have been captured by the Villistas, and Chihuahua seems to be virtually isolated. Numerous outrages have also been reported.

The resignation of Gen. Sir Sam Hughes from the Canadian Cabinet was announced on Monday.

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The Week

If it is true that the spirit of the genuine statesman always "wrestles with to-morrow," President Wilson will not long let his mind dwell upon the election, with whatever satisfaction he is entitled to contemplate the result. A difficult future lies before him. Unsettled problems will allow him no repose. These relate partly to international complications. The Mexican question still looms threateningly. Our relations with Germany may any day be put to the touch by a mad submarine. These are lurking foreign perils which it will require Mr. Wilson's utmost wariness to skirt. Even more important, it may prove, will be the domestic matters pressing for his attention. The great sweep of Western States into the Democratic party may create expectations and arouse demands similar to those which attended the vast uprush of democracy that bore Andrew Jackson into the Presidency. Many fear an era of radical legislation. The country will watch to see whether President Wilson, having now a personal prestige equal to Jackson's, will not display a poise and wisdom far superior. There can no longer be any room for the play of merely political motives in Mr. Wilson's action. The cup of his ambition is running over. Nothing is left for him but to give all he has to his country during the new term of power that the people have conferred upon him.

To speak definitely of what may reasonably be asked of the President, we think the hope is general that he will take steps to strengthen his Cabinet. It is not necessary to mention names. Some portfolios are held by men notoriously lacking in dignity and ability. The President will begin his second term fettered by no partisan obligations. He is in debt to no boss. The way will be open to him to proceed to a strengthening of the whole governmental service. Nor can the President be blind to the need of building up the Democratic party, of preparing for the future when he is gone. "First voters" in large numbers flocked this year to the Wilson standard. Ought not a special effort to be made to retain and utilize them, to draw in fresh blood, to kindle young aspirations, and so to plan for a strong succession and for stability? The *Nation* does not desire to pour laudation over the President-elect. It cherishes no illusions about him. But we believe in his high ability, and we are sure that it will be matched by high opportunity. That he will seek to rise to its full measure we do not question. That way lies his surest road to secure remembrance and to further expressions of gratitude and trust from his countrymen. All that is demanded is that Woodrow Wilson now give the nation his best. And his best is very good.

Mr. Fairbanks, in his somewhat premature telegram of congratulation to Mr. Hughes on election night, spoke of the Republican party as now happily "reunited." But in California, at least, if Republicans and Progressives are sitting at the same table, it is mainly for the purpose of throwing the convenient crockery at each other's heads. By the attacks of the Republican leaders upon Gov. Johnson, and his retort in kind, the old feud is reopened with the old political ferocity. Nor is outside comment wanting upon the surprising overturn in California. The Chicago *Tribune* elegantly declares it "the champion boob State of the American republic"; and thinks the prospect good that "some day California may have a Japanese Governor." But all this is, of course, only after-election soreness wearing itself off. We shall not long hear recriminations of this kind. The one great political fact behind it all, however, stands secure. It is no more clear in California than it is in Kansas and Ohio. The attempted alliance of Republicans and Progressives —solely for the sake of beating Wilson— was an insincere and unholy alliance which could not possibly endure.

Like the old farmer who believed in special Providences—when he wanted to—there are some who have faith in the people only when the people agree with them. It pains one to meet Republicans who have lost their trust in democracy. It was such a sudden loss, too. At nine o'clock on Tuesday evening they had the most sublime confidence in the good sense of the American people. At ten they were clapping each other on the back and saying that, after all, when an issue was got squarely before the voters of this country, there was no doubt of the decision being what it ought to be. By eleven and twelve o'clock they were renewing their faith in democracy and ordering liquids sufficient for baptism in that faith. Now we submit that the infallible oracle of Justice at midnight of Tuesday could not have become the besotted electorate of Wednesday morning. We can't have it both ways. Our own opinion is that the Republicans who swore by all the gods on Tuesday night to trust the people were bound by that oath for at least one year. After that, we will let them off just in time, perhaps, for a Republican victory.

The Women's Party is confident that it was of marked aid to Hughes in a number of Middle and Far Western States; but there is no proof that his attitude towards the Federal suffrage amendment played a perceptible part in the result. If in Oregon the women increased the Republican lead, in central and northern California they were reported three to one for Wilson. If in northern Illinois they voted with the men for Hughes, in southern Illinois they voted the Democratic ticket. The indications are that Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Washington, Arizona, and other States voted for Wilson by majorities in which the women voters played their due part. And it is also plain that there was less of a labor issue than many Democrats hoped. Buffalo, with its almost two-score thousand railway workers, gave Hughes a majority; the "labor vote" in New York city and Rochester was very disappointing, and Democrats vainly expected it to carry Cook County in Illinois for them. Every bit of evidence that the American electorate does not vote according to group antagonisms is good to come upon.

The large majority for Hughes in Illinois does not conceal the fact that he ran behind the State ticket, and that Illinois was sharply differentiated on the Presidential returns from Wisconsin. Mr. Hughes's plurality is placed at about 175,000, Lowden's plurality at 120,000, but women vote for President and not for Governor. The Republicans estimate that the women are responsible for 40 per cent. of Hughes's plurality, and if we consider it fair to deduct this 40 per cent., his total is reduced to 105,000, or about 15,000 less than Lowden received. If to Lowden's plurality we add the number of votes he would have had if women had voted for him as they did for Hughes, the disparity between the Presidential and Gubernatorial totals would be greater still. In Wisconsin, on the other hand, Philipp has to be content with a plurality that does not quite equal Hughes's. The extent to which Hughes lagged behind the State ticket in Illinois is not so great as in Iowa, where Harding had expected a plurality of about 125,000, compared with Hughes's 65,000; nor is it so great as in most States west of the Mississippi. It cannot be explained on the ground that the women's vote went to Wilson in

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larger proportions than the men's, for the fairly complete returns from Chicago show the women splitting their votes between Hughes and Wilson much as the men did. The more reasonable explanation is that, as farther West, there were many Progressive men who were willing to vote for the Republican candidate for Governor, but unwilling to vote for Hughes. In Wisconsin it is possible that Progressives satisfied their radical tendencies in giving La Follette a greater majority than Hughes received.

A woman in Congress! That marks a political revolution indeed, and it will help to assuage for the woman suffragists their bitter disappointment in their certain defeat in both South Dakota and West Virginia. Presumably, Congress will gain by Miss Rankin's appearance, but for her it will doubtless be a great ordeal to be the first woman to appear in one of the greatest Parliaments in the world. The fact that she is the first woman to receive such an honor will surely help her over the embarrassments of her position. If she smokes, that will help her in the cloakrooms; but somehow we cannot fit her in, do the best we can, with some of the cloakroom habits and manners. The Clerk, of course, will stumble over the "Miss" as he calls the roll, and the visitors to the galleries will first of all look for "that girl from Montana," with the feminine part casting a very critical eye over her attire. But, after all, the world has moved so rapidly that she will be but a nine days' wonder. There will be nothing like the prejudice and bad manners for her to encounter which were the lot of the women pioneers in the fields of medicine and law and politics.

In the discussion of party alignments in the newly elected Congress it is just possible that people may overlook the fact that that Congress will not meet until December, 1917. For a full year Mr. Wilson is at liberty to go on with the development of his policies secure in the Congressional majority he has had up till now. The fact that the delicate balance of power in the new Congress does not come into play for a year makes futile much of the speculation and much of the anxiety displayed with regard to a single Congressional vote here or there. Mere accident, in a group of 435 men, may in the course of a year make and unmake majorities. But what is not accident is Woodrow Wilson. In the course of a year the President's policies may be depended upon to shape out of the present chaos and flux in the opposition ranks a sufficient reinforcement to make Congress a workable body for most purposes of importance. It is rather idle to wonder what will happen when 215 Democrats meet 215 Republicans in the House of Representatives a year from now. By that time, many things may happen in Republican circles, in and out of Congress.

News of the European war is again printed on the first page of American newspapers. The Presidential election had driven it off for nearly a week. Its reappearance is an outward sign of the inward shifting of chief interest. We in this country might have seemed for a time to be indifferent to the struggle and slaughter going on abroad. But we could not be so long. The appeal of the great conflict, the horror of it, must break through any other preoccupation for the time being. Besides, we cannot rest secure in our aloofness. The position to which our Government is committed in the matter of submarine warfare is such that any day may see President Wilson called upon to act. But we now have one great advantage in all this affair. No incident that may occur, no course of policy that may be adopted, will be seized upon and distorted in a partisan spirit. The big questions will have a chance of being discussed on their merits. This will be true also of our difficulties with Mexico.

When our treaty with Nicaragua was drafted, granting that nation $3,000,000 in return for the right to construct a Nicaraguan canal and a ninety-nine-year lease of certain islands and a coastal naval base, the objections of Nicaragua's neighbors were met by Senate amendment declaring the treaty not "intended to affect any existing right of the said-named states." That this did not satisfy the objections was shown by the prompt report that Costa Rica had sued Nicaragua in the Central American Court of Justice, because of infringement of her rights. The difficulties of our position are now recalled by the American Peace Society's plea that we submit the controversy over the treaty to this Court for adjustment—a plea accompanied with the statement that the opposition of Salvador, Costa Rica, and Honduras is so warm that it threatens to ruin all the foundations laid for Central American union. The right of the United States to keep clear of the Court is undoubted. As formed by treaty in Washington nine years ago, it required only that disputes among the five Central American states should be submitted to it. It may well be that the tribunal which has never considered questions of great moment, and has hardly had the prestige in Central America to give its verdicts sure acceptance, is not a body before which the American treaty can be advantageously "adjusted." But, if it is reviewed there in the course of the Costa Rican-Nicaraguan suit, the opportunity would be an excellent one for the United States to explain fully that the treaty is meant to be advantageous, not disadvantageous, to all Central America.

Like many other observers, both friendly and unfriendly to the idea of government ownership of railways, Mr. Ivy Lee sees in recent developments a strong drift towards it. One point referred to in his address at Boston is worth more attention than is usually given to it—namely, that our railway development is as yet very incomplete, a striking fact mentioned by Mr. Lee being that there is only one double-track railway west of the Missouri River. The aspect of this which Mr. Lee touched upon as bearing on the subject of government ownership is that "our future national development would be inevitably retarded by the red-tape, bureaucracy, and lack of 'punch' incident to all Government effort"; but there is another aspect of it that strikes us as even more important. Local demands, sectional claims and rivalries, would inevitably result in a competition for government appropriations so intense, constant, and pervasive as to make our past experiences in log-rolling and pork-barrels seem a trifling matter. When people point to government ownership of railways in Europe as showing the way to us, they forget the difference that is made by three essential factors—the vastly greater significance of transportational questions to the ambitious and growing communities of our great young country, the generous additions that are still to be made to our railway facilities, and the thoroughly popular character of our governmental organization.

No hidden motives have been attributed to Henry Ford in the establishment of the five-dollar minimum wage for women a month ago. But the possible basis for one is revealed in the by no means startling assertion that the wage will have a discouraging effect upon matrimony. Remarks one of Mr. Ford's 1,500 women employees, a stenographer, to the *Survey:*

How do I like it? Well, we girls have watched each morning the porter polishing

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up the handle of the big front door as we came to work, and we have wondered why we didn't buy a rag and polish brass for Mr. Ford—it paid so much better than typewriting. This money has been coming to us. But, of course, Mr. Ford really doesn't like to employ women. He says he can't build up an organization with them—they marry and quit work. I'll think twice before I marry now, though—I like my job too well to lose it. And I certainly won't marry a man making only $30 a week. I can hardly support myself on that.

The facts in the case will be plain to those who think uncharitably of Mr. Ford. Having raised the wage of the men to five dollars, the natural sequel was that many previously unable to do so married—newspapers have published the general number. The women employees were among those sought as wives, and the only remedy was to make their wage sufficient to lessen the temptation. The complaint that it is difficult to build up a lasting office organization with women is common, but Henry Ford's five-dollar-a-day road past the difficulty is not likely often to be sought.

Pictures of the cotton mill as an ogre devouring fresh childhood do not appeal to the sense of justice of South Carolinians. Some of the considerations creditable to the mills are summarized by the Columbia *Record* in an issue celebrating the fact that the annual value of the cotton manufactures of the State has surpassed $90,000,000:

> When the cotton mills were started, there was an impoverished people, an impoverished soil, an impoverished agriculture. The renters were producing a "bumble-bee cotton" which had just about enough lint for six acres to produce a bale. At that time cotton-seed had no value. . . . The mills not only relieved the strain upon the tenant farmer, but the farms immediately around the mills were encouraged to produce poultry, meat, and vegetables for the market. . . . The mills gave an impetus to a new kind of agriculture by demanding a better kind of cotton for their spindles. Staple and fibre have been improved, and the value thereby greatly enhanced.

It publishes with this a striking contrast between rural conditions thirty years ago, when every countryside had its cabins of the illiterate and half-starved, and those of to-day. Of course, other factors have played a part in improving matters. But it also asserts that employers are too humane and wise, employees too independent, to permit many abuses within the factories. The mills are spending large sums—$1,000,000 a year—in the improvement of living and working conditions. South Carolina has a well-enforced child-labor law; it should stir some of her neighbors to learn that since its passage "comment upon the fact that there were idle men in mill villages" living on their children's wages has ceased.

Does fire prevention prevent, or is the campaign without effect upon a hopelessly careless people? So authoritative a body as the National Board of Fire Underwriters announces that there is excellent reason for being gratified over the progress of the last year or so. New York city had a thousand fires less in 1915 than in 1914, with a decrease in losses of more than $2,000,000. The loss per capital was $1.05, or 32 cents less than had been known before. The same story comes from Chicago, while Boston's metropolitan district reports for three successive Junes 1,337 alarms, 935 alarms, and 605 alarms. The reduction in Cincinnati is so large—20 per cent. in the number of fires and nearly 50 per cent. in losses—that one feels with special force the inconclusiveness of comparisons covering so short a period. Milwaukee, however, has done about as well. All these cities have paid special attention to fire prevention. The task remaining to be done is indicated by the statement that last year saw the enormous total of nearly $40,000,000 in the single item of dwelling-house fires in this country, of which amount more than $6,000,000 was directly traceable to defective chimneys and flues, "a cause which could have been ascertained and corrected."

Medical education in America will score another big advance in the establishment at Chicago of a medical school of the first order, through the addition, just announced, of a grant of $2,000,000 by the General Education Board and the Rockefeller Foundation, to resources already existing in connection with the University of Chicago and the Rush Medical College. The latter institution, which, in recent years, has been conducted in coöperation with the University of Chicago, will be completely absorbed in the new medical school, the value of whose entire endowment—productive funds, buildings, and equipment—is estimated at $11,000,000. The requirements for entrance are to be substantially the same as those adopted by the Johns Hopkins Medical School when it was opened, a quarter of a century ago. Those requirements were so very much higher than any theretofore exacted in American medical schools that the faculty expected only a very small attendance; but the response from the beginning proved to be so hearty as to strain the facilities of the school. The standards of American medical education have been enormously raised, since then, all along the line; and this new move at Chicago will greatly reinforce the movement, already strong, to put American medical education on a level with that of the foremost countries of Europe.

The Canadian Department of Labor reports that country suffering from the increased cost of living to an extent as great as that experienced in the United States. In the six months between July and December, 1914, the cost of a weekly family budget of some thirty staple foods rose from $7.42 to $8.13, though part of this rise was perhaps due to seasonal differences. The cost of food in 1915 was reckoned 13 per cent. greater than five years before—and this throughout the Dominion as a whole, not in the cities alone. The cost of fuel and lighting was but 4 per cent. greater than in 1910, but in many manufactured goods there were again phenomenal rises. The predominating influence the Department naturally finds to be the war, and it points out the compensating stimulation of the high prices upon industry and trade. Not only did the war make necessary production in many lines never before thought of, but it made profitable production that was not necessary and that had been attempted in quieter times with unsatisfactory results. War is also pointed to as making crop conditions of less moment in fixing prices than ever before. The short crop of 1914 was of secondary importance in raising prices, the large crop of 1915 did not reduce them to anything like normal levels. However much she grumbles at higher living costs, Canada cannot but reflect that the war rescued her from a depression accentuated by the reaction from "boom" times.

Among casualties of the war is listed compulsory Greek at Cambridge—and it is a casualty that causes grief in England. The University Senate has been empowered to remit the study in the case of men who have served six months, and it is mournfully agreed that the accidental breach in the wall can never be made quite strong again. Oxford, too, has shown signs of weakening, in spite of the presence of Murray as Regius Professor, in spite of the quatrain of a generation ago:

> Her sons oblivious of concessions weak,
> Undaunted guard the minimum of Greek,
> Flaunting in front of spurious B. A.'s
> Three books of Xenophon or two Greek plays.

At either university the students who, like De Quincey, enter thinking of some obscure

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text of the "Parmenides," must be rare. Scholars are consoling themselves over Cambridge, if we may believe a London weekly, with the thought that students are told: "If you cannot read the Iliad, you can act it." The pleasure of putting this into Greek verse might have compensated Porson for the blow the step would have struck him.

AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE.

It was a notable coincidence that the same day which established the reëlection of Woodrow Wilson should have brought a convert to the idea of a new world order in the person of the German Chancellor. Let us take Bethmann-Hollweg's pronouncement in favor of a league of peace at its minimum valuation. Let us give full weight to the reservations and conditions in Germany's readiness "to enter a league of peace which will restrain the perturbator of peace." It still remains true that the German Chancellor gives notice that he is shaken in the old and evil faith of force as the only ultimate method for the adjustment of international relations:

> If at, and after, the end of the war the world will only become fully conscious of the horrifying destruction of life and property, then through the whole of humanity there will ring out a cry for peaceful arrangements and understandings which, as far as they are within human power, will prevent the return of such a monstrous catastrophe. *This cry will be so powerful and so justified that it must lead to some result.*

Who is the craven and mollycoddle that so gives himself to millennial dreams? It is the War Lord himself. Is he absolutely sincere? It does not matter for the moment. It is enough that the voice of the Hohenzollern, through the mouth of a Prime Minister, should make acknowledgment of the fact that the world and the soul of man cannot be quite the same after the great war, that it should give recognition to the destruction of ancient fetiches and to the stirring of new longings for escape from the old, fatal dogmas of world statecraft.

Whether the Kaiser is sincere or is only making believe to yield to a force beyond his control, the reality of that force is confessed. Everywhere else statesmen have recognized it; in neutral Europe; men like Grey and Bryce in England; and in this country, where the idea of a league for the enforcement of peace is sweeping on victoriously. Only one man of eminence has failed to seize the meaning of the new time, and he, curiously enough, is the one man in America supposed to be endowed with a genius for gauging public sentiment. Everybody is a mollycoddle to-day except Mr. Roosevelt. Among the soft-fibred "pacifists" now stand the Kaiser, Earl Grey, Mr. Taft, Mr. Wilson. Only for the Colonel has there been no lesson and no change in a world catastrophe which has torn up the ideas and ideals of men by the roots. He has gone careering up and down the country with the same old palaver about war and justice as if a war in which every one of a dozen nations is fighting for justice had not made mockery of the phrase. He has been sounding the same old cry about armaments as the only guarantee of peace in face of the astounding spectacle which super-armed Europe offers. He has revelled in the ancient slogans of national honor and national manhood, and has remained blind to the fact that men who have not lost their manhood, men who would not hesitate to give their lives for the national honor, have yet learned to scrutinize and appraise the phrase for which they are asked to sacrifice themselves and work woe on others. To Mr. Roosevelt the war in Europe might as well have been a border foray in Afghanistan. The prospect of this nation of a hundred million plunging into the war and so making the bedlam of the world unanimous, is seemingly no more to him than any other little adventure into Haiti, or Samoa, or Patagonia. When I was President, says Mr. Roosevelt, I frightened the Kaiser out of Venezuela; why didn't Mr. Wilson frighten him out of Belgium? The man who speaks so is not only blind to what has been going on in Europe; he is blind to what is going on around him.

That change which Mr. Roosevelt has failed to discover in his countrymen, Woodrow Wilson has recognized from the beginning. Coward, poltroon, white feather, and "too proud to fight" have been flung at the man to whom the West has risen with loyal enthusiasm. The man over whom the bouncing patriots of Wall Street hung their heads in shame has been approved against them by the white-livered citizens of Wyoming and Montana, by the decrepit manhood of Arizona and New Mexico, by the cattlemen and sheep herders and lumber-jacks and farmers who have grown slothful and cowardly with easy living. We know the answer for Colorado and Kansas, of course. Secure against the horrors of invasion, the people of the Plains and the Rockies have refused to consider anything but their own selfish comfort. But what of Washington and California, against whom Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hearst have been leading the battle fleets of Japan? What of Arizona and New Mexico, which have seen war much more closely than the war-lords of the Stock Exchange? Where is the voice of bitter judgment from commonwealths writhing in the shame of our violated national dignity? Those Commonwealths have spoken. Take the map of the United States and trace on it the itinerary of Mr. Roosevelt's flaming gospel: the line will mark the course of the heavy Wilson majorities. For Wilson had seen what Mr. Roosevelt had closed his eyes to—that the same region which was formerly stirred by Mr. Roosevelt's new nationalism is now abrim with the currents of a new world feeling.

Fortunate for the honor and prestige of America that in the settlement of the new world order, that for the rôle which America is bound to play after the catastrophe of half a thousand years, the country's guidance will be in the hands of a man whose eyes look into the promise of the future and not into the fears and jealousies and vanities of the past.

ONE WAY OF ELECTING PRESIDENTS.

"One of the first duties of Congress when it reassembles," says the New York *World*, "is to take the necessary first steps toward an amendment of the Constitution to substitute a direct vote of the people for the Electoral College in the election of a President of the United States." The proposal that the choice of President should be made to turn on the direct result of a count of voters throughout the Union always comes to the fore after a close election. And in the minds of many, the peril presented by the delivery of a big block of Presidential Electors to one candidate or the other turning on the count of a few score of votes in a handful of belated districts is merely an aggravation of an evil which they regard as in itself intolerable. Thus an indignant letter-writer in one of the papers, who happened to labor under the impression that Hughes had a half-million plurality over Wilson in the popular vote, exclaims: "If this be a Government of the people by the people, our system of counting the votes for the Presidency is a farce—for a President may be seated when only a minority of the people want him."

Nevertheless, it is safe to say that the passing of a Constitutional amendment to substitute a direct popular vote for the present system of electing the President will not be one of "the first duties" that Congress

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will perform, nor, for that matter, one of the last. And this will not be due to mere inertia or wrongheadedness. To begin with, there stares us in the face a practical fact, with its roots deep in our history, which in itself constitutes an almost insuperable obstacle. The nation has tacitly assented to the practice of the eleven States of the Solid South casting their votes solidly, as a matter of course, for the Democratic candidate. So long as the States are regarded as separate entities in this matter, there is some kind of ground—whether good or bad is not to the present purpose—for letting this sleeping dog lie. But the moment that that point of view is abandoned, the moment the voters of the South count simply as so many individual American citizens, acquiescence by the North in the virtual suppression of a large part of the negro vote in the South would become unthinkable. It is possible to look upon the casting of South Carolina's or Louisiana's vote as her own affair; it would be impossible to tolerate the spectacle of the individual voters of the South, through the suppression of opposition voters in their own States, directly nullifying millions of votes which had been cast by their co-equal fellow-citizens in other sections.

But, quite apart from this peculiar and accidental circumstance, the case for a direct vote of the people is far from being so clear as might be thought at first blush. In the first place, it should be noted that the whole system of representative government, as it has historically existed, recognizes something else than sheer numerical superiority as entitled to influence. A majority in the House of Commons, a majority in the House of Representatives, may easily represent a decided minority of the voters. If in one district the voters are almost unanimous for one party and in another there is a mere shade of difference for the opposite party, the result is nevertheless one to one as a matter of parliamentary power. If "our system of counting the votes for the Presidency is a farce," then our system of determining the complexion of the House of Representatives is a farce, and the British system for the House of Commons—which, be it remembered, makes and unmakes the Executive, the Ministry—is a farce. And in a country like ours especially, a great deal is to be said for mitigating the influence of mere numbers—provided it is not done upon the basis of any invidious discrimination—by other elements. If we did not do that, whenever any section had a special interest in a particular policy, while the rest of the country viewed the question in a more disinterested way, the massed sectional vote would preponderate in a manner most undesirable, and quite possibly dangerous, from the national standpoint.

Even as regards the dangers and what seem the absurdities that attend a close election under the present system, it is highly doubtful whether the plan of direct vote would be an improvement. In the case of a close call, it is necessary, under the present system, to watch only a few points during the final process of determining the count. Upon these, the attention of the party managers on both sides can be so concentrated as to make resort to fraud or trickery extremely dangerous. If the result turned on the popular vote, every one of the hundred thousand election districts in the country would be capable of contributing its share to the uncertainty. Moreover, in the campaign itself, the question of carrying the election would, as a rule, have far less point and reality. During any such time, for example, as that long period in which the Republican party was overwhelmingly in the ascendant in most of the States of the North and West, the piling up of still larger majorities in those States would have had little or no real significance; yet it would have counteracted the winning over of the same number of voters by the opposition party in States where party prejudice was less rigidly established, and discussion of policies and principles at stake more real and significant.

There are minor defects in the existing system which certainly ought to be cured; but there is no difficulty in remedying these. Since it is an undisputed fact that the electors are in practice merely the mechanical vehicle of the vote, the death or disqualification of an elector ought not to be allowed to make any difference in the result; but this question could be met by simply providing that whenever it occurs the remaining electors from the same State shall fill the vacancy. As has been the case in other matters connected with the Presidential succession, we have been very slow to make proper provision for difficulties or anomalies of this kind. But as for the general method, while it has come into existence in a blind sort of way, and while no doubt some other method may be superior, neither the change to a direct vote of the people nor any other that has thus far been proposed seems to present a balance of advantage over the existing system.

A DEMOCRATIC OPPORTUNITY.

We have already referred to the opportunity which the President's extraordinary victory gives to lead in the building up of his party. The call is urgent to the new leaders of the type of Messrs. McCormick and Morgenthau. They must realize full well the ineffectiveness of parts of the machinery they have attempted to operate. Notably is that the case in New York State. In many places it is corrupt and contented, and merely an ally of the Republicans; in others ineffective to the last degree. Everywhere there is the need of toning up and improving by drawing in fresh forces. Everywhere there is need of stimulus and vigorous supervision.

Under Mr. McCombs's chairmanship the National Committee was apparently dormant. For instance, conditions up-State indicated clearly that there had been no systematic efforts to reach the farmers. Only the veriest tyro would dream of trying to influence these farmers at the last moment by means of speeches from "Wilson volunteers" or by sending a Cabinet officer through the State. But the failure to make any headway in improving the Democratic organization during the four years of Mr. Wilson's incumbency rests primarily higher up than upon Mr. McCombs. Mr. Wilson has had neither the time nor the inclination to build up his party. If proof were needed of this, it is afforded by the situation in New York city. Who does not recall the confident assertions of four years ago that Tammany would be supplanted by a reform Democracy headed by Messrs. Mitchel, Polk, F. D. Roosevelt, McAdoo, McCombs, and others? This election found no vestige of an opposition to Tammany Hall within the party, and the outcome of Tammany's efforts is obvious enough. It may be that Tammany Hall was not guilty of treachery. But no one will maintain that the members of Tammany Hall enthusiastically supported Wilson or the policies for which he stands. They simply let the thing go by default; their own Tammany meetings were among the most listless ever seen in New York.

Furthermore, the situation has been complicated here and elsewhere by Postmaster-General Burleson, whose archaic ideas of "aiding the party" by appointments are anything but suited to the needs of the hour in strengthening the Democratic ranks. Whoever is responsible for the President's blunders in connection with the New York Post-

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mastership did him and his party a great disservice. Mr. McCormick and those about him could do a remarkable work by building anew and avoiding the pitfalls of the past, and particularly by grappling with the situation in New York city, which will so soon be called upon to enter into a new Mayoralty campaign. Needless to say, the *Nation* does not urge this primarily in the interest of building up an organization. In the organization as such it has no interest. It is not the organization that counts so much as a cause to the support of which people who think alike may rally.

Here is where one of the President's weaknesses has manifested itself. He has not been able to arouse enthusiasm save in a very few; he could not bring himself even to stand heartily behind William Church Osborn during his chairmanship of the party in this State. But it is just by kindling the younger spirits that the doctrines of a given leader or party are carried on, and the pity of it is that under Mr. Wilson no fine, large body of young men of the type of Mr. McCormick or Mr. Polk has been brought forward, while the enthusiasm of many has been cooled by the President's changing of front on various Democratic doctrines. Four years hence Mr. Wilson will be passing off the scene. All the more vigorous should be the effort to leave a group of men behind him who shall be ready to fight on for the vital principles which the party has consistently proclaimed for many decades. The fact that so many first voters cast their ballots for Mr. Wilson, that he gained at least two million votes more than were polled for him in 1912, shows the opportunity to influence men profoundly towards the doctrines of tariff reform, of anti-imperialism, and the other principles making up the Democratic creed to which these new adherents may be permanently won.

It is all very well to trust in the people and to feel confident as the President did that their simple faith and sound judgment will make them choose the right course. But the election demonstrates anew the existence of a great body of Progressive opinion seeking to be marshalled and to be led. It was affronted by Taft; it was misled by Roosevelt, and ignored by Hughes. In it lies the great hope of our future, the greatest opportunity to work towards better conditions of living and a nobler country. On the way in which Mr. Wilson and his associates meet this opportunity will depend in no small measure their permanent places in the history of their party.

Foreign Correspondence

"EITHER THIS OR THAT"—MAXIMILIAN HARDEN'S APPRECIATION OF VENIZELOS—WAITING FOR RECOGNITION.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS.

ATHENS, September 20.

The news in the daily papers is so disastrous—the country suffering the penalties of war without being at war—and so humiliating that Greeks who love their country eagerly hold and repeat any item of news that brings some hope or restores some of the national pride. They dwell upon the brave conduct of the First Regiment of Greek volunteers under Lieutenant-Colonel Gravanis before Florina and the arrival of the first Greek wounded at Cozani and trust that Greece will yet break the bonds that have paralyzed her and that the flame of patriotism, lighted at Salonica, which has shone so brightly in western Macedonia, will spread throughout the land.

A list has been published of the number of officers adhering to the National Committee of Defence in Salonica. It comprises one brigadier-general, six lieutenant-colonels, five commandants, thirteen captains, twenty lieutenants, sixty-five sub-lieutenants, nine adjutants, one cavalry sub-lieutenant, one major-surgeon, and five aid-majors. To which must be added the seventy or eighty officers with Colonel Christodoulon. Thirty-four officers from the gendarmerie have joined, and daily small detachments in Macedonia swell the list. The Government has been shamed into publicly disavowing the action of Colonel Hadjopoulos who, with part of the army under his command, surrendered at Cavalla to the German-Bulgarian forces "on his own initiative."

The liberal and independent papers published on Sunday, September 17, the address of George Philaretos, a well known Athenian lawyer, to the King:

King!
Draw your sword or abdicate!
King Constantine!

A year ago, the Virgin was called from Tinos to save your life. The people to-day are praying to her to save your honor and glory, for they are indissolubly connected with our glorious national life. Aid us to return to the right path, from which by unhappy fate we have so fearfully wandered. Call warmly and sincerely upon the Chief of the Liberals so that in collaboration with the people you may yet save what there is to be saved. Convoke by message the Greek people to a rising in mass.

King of the Hellenes. Either this or that. Draw the sword or abdicate! If you have not the strength of soul to draw the sword (which my heart refuses to accept), then abdicate without delay. There is no other issue. Do not believe the courtiers who speak with so much servility. Only the truth can save you. Do not forget: he who fights with the people shall win victory or perish gloriously. He who fights against the people shall be broken.

The Greek pro-German and court press in Athens, they who direct it and write for it, the adulators of the King and paid slanderers of Venizelos, cannot undo their work, and they convict themselves by publishing the article of Maximilian Harden in the *Zukunft* which has been wired to Athens from Zurich. It is published in full in the liberal papers: "The Work of Venizelos Judged by a German." It does honor to the German newspaper man who wrote it, opposed as he must be, because of his country, to the policy of the man he writes about, but he takes the higher ground of giving the adversary his full due. Written at the present time, when Venizelos's whole purpose is to bring Greece into line with the Allies against Germany, Harden's article is notable. When the hates of the great war have died away, when victory has crowned the banners of France, people will read there again the "Cousin Pons" of Balzac and learn in the great writer's story how noble and disinterested German friendships can be.

"Venizelos has done for his country what others have contented themselves with dreaming of doing. Renouncing power and the happiness he could have found in his island of Crete, he accepted the office of Deputy in the Greek Chamber and came to Athens to apply those great reforms with which he hoped to regenerate Greece. At the end of four weeks he became President of the Council and began the execution of his programme, revision of the Constitution, increase of the national defences, measures against abusive trafficking in parliament, against favoritism, against the tyranny of officers. But above all he wished to realize the union of the Balkan States, and soon he attained his end. The whole nation applauded his efforts and party hates died away. The King and his son (the present King) owe the reëstablishment of their position to him. The King wished to confer on him the highest order in his power, but Venizelos said, 'I should have to sign the decree and I should appear to be decorating myself.'" Maximilian Harden recalls the two successful Balkan wars and the Treaty of Bucharest, August 13, 1913. "In thirty-four months Venizelos had done more for the people and crown than any Greek before him. He has done more for his country than any other living man of any other country has done for his." He concludes: "These are things that no loyal adversary can contest, any more than you could take from those balances in which are weighed the merits of political men the weight of the work of Venizelos."

"Et les nains défaisant les travaux des géants." This line of Victor Hugo might well be applied to the King and his camarilla since Venizelos's resignation in February, 1915.

The Anglo-French censorship of all telegrams at the central bureau in Athens began on Monday, September 18. Sir Francis Elliot had already presented to the Minister of Communications, Mr. Caftanzoglou, the French capitaine-de-vaisseau, Clergeau, as head of the censorship. All telegrams for Greece must be written in Greek, French, or English. If in Greek they must be accompanied by a translation in French. All telegrams for foreign countries must be written in French or English only; telegrams in cipher or number are forbidden both for Greece and abroad.

The Minister of Communications must have watched with mixed feelings the removal of the telegraphic apparatus from his office, which put him in communication with all the telegraph offices in Greece. He is now the Minister of Communications without the means of communicating, but like ordinary mortals must submit his telegrams to the central bureau where reigns the censorship. *A la guerre comme à la guerre!*

The new Ministry that had come into being the previous Saturday awaited expectantly on Monday, September 18, the customary

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complimentary visits of the Ministers of the Entente, but neither the President of the Council, Mr. Kalogeropoulos, who is both Minister of War and Minister of Finance, nor Mr. Carapanos, who is Minister of Foreign Affairs, received such visits, and, tired with waiting till half-past five that day, they wearily "put up their shutters" and before going home called on the King to let him know of their disappointment. They were only partially consoled, one imagines, by calls from the Ministers of Turkey and Bulgaria, and from the two Ministers of the Central Powers.

The abstention of the Ministers of the Entente and the fact of Sir Francis Elliot's having called on Mr. Venizelos that afternoon, gave rise to many pessimistic comments in political circles as to the length of time the Cabinet would last, and the press opinions of France, England, and Russia, printed in the following morning's papers, all expressed their misgiving or indifference to the new Ministry. The *Journal des Débats* of September 18 said: "The obstacle to Mr. Dimitracopoulos forming a Ministry was inevitable, for it was necessary to choose between a government flattering the King and a government that the King had to submit to. No doubt can any longer exist: The King is frankly hostile to us. We ought to give our public support to the Government of National Defence in Salonica. The moment is past for discussions, protocols, and official hypocrisies. The only way of convincing King Constantine of his errors is to demonstrate to him that force is on our side."

I close my letter with the whirr of the motor above of the French hydroaeroplane. Seen from the terraced roof it looks like a big yellow butterfly and it swoops down near enough to show plainly the French colors. I have never heard an unfavorable or unfriendly comment on its appearance.

MUCH IN A NAME—GERMAN SUBMARINES AND DUTCH SHIPPING.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, October 10.

The Bench at The Hague will, one of these days, have to settle the question whether the word *Mof,* as applied to a German, is a term of abuse or not. The case in hand borders on the ridiculous. One Sunday afternoon in September, Mr. Ter Spill, a well-known barrister and a member of the Second Chamber, went for a stroll with his wife and children, as a Dutchman who respects himself is wont to do. Not far from his own house his attention was attracted by a doorplate bearing a German name in Gothic characters. The worthy Deputy, forgetful of parliamentary sedateness and self-control, being evidently in a larky mood and feeling boyish again with his own boys, fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for a pencil and wrote on the doorpost, as a marginal query to the name on the door, the simple monosyllable "Mof?" After which heroic deed the paterfamilias and Deputy proceeded on his dominical saunter. But Herr Gosch, of the Gothic doorplate, had been standing in front of his window and witnessed the desecration of his paint and his name. He had the perpetrator up for libellous action, wishing, as he informed the public in a letter to the press, to see it judicially settled whether the word *Mof* was an opprobrious appellation or not.

Dutch judges are not of the mettle of which their British colleagues are made. They are serious and painstaking to a degree, and utterly devoid of that prophylactic humor which saves their office from ridicule by a casual joke at the serio-comic nature of the case. In dead earnest they will listen to learned disquisitions on the history of the incriminated word, which cannot prove anything for or against the defence. Such a word as *Mof* can be opprobrious only by an intonation of voice, or a deprecatory gesture, or the general tenor of the words accompanying it. But the word by itself has no such meaning. It is a colloquial name for the German, and is used by many speakers who would never say a word against the Kaiser's subjects. From a term of contempt in the seventeenth century it has atttained to the function of a common nickname, a promotion which was evidently due to the general rise of the German nation in the Hollander's esteem. Thus a people's name shares in the ups and downs of the people's prestige, and if the judge were to pass verdict for the plaintiff, the sentence would in so far afford satisfaction to the defendant, as it would seem to imply that German prestige in Holland has been on the decline of late. It would, indeed, be difficult to deny the justness of that conclusion.

The latest submarine attempt on Dutch shipping, the sinking of the Blommersdijk, is not likely to heighten Dutch esteem and affection for "Moffrika," as the Fatherland of the "Moffen" is playfully called by the Hollanders. The deed is resented the more as the general feeling is that no proper satisfaction need be expected from Berlin. The cases of the Tubantia and the Palembang have taught us what we may look for from that quarter. As to the Tubantia, the German Government denies all responsibility for her loss, and the only success, if it deserves that name, which the Netherlands Government has gained in this matter is a declaration from Berlin that the German Government is willing to subject the case to a court of arbitration "when the war is over." And in the Palembang case no diplomatic success is scored at all.* The Amsterdam Shipping Court gave verdict that the Palembang had been sunk by at least two torpedoes, the second of which had doubtless been aimed at the Palembang herself. But the German Government denied all guilt, and since that denial the Foreign Office at The Hague has been as silent, on this point, "as a *Mof*," which is the Dutch phrase for the deadest silence imaginable.

The Netherlands Government has not even thought fit to publish the diplomatic documents exchanged between The Hague and Berlin on the matter. The recent "Orange Paper," being a "survey of proceedings transacted by the Minister of Foreign Affairs during the period from October, 1915, to July, 1916," does not contain a single paragraph referring to the Palembang. Mr. Kernkamp, professor of history in the University of Utrecht, who writes a monthly record of the war from a Dutch point of view, has given the strongest expression to the general vexation and amazement at this mysterious reticence. He puts the case thus: Either the Netherlands Government has weighty reasons for believing that the Shipping Court has given a wrong verdict, in which case it seems only a matter of course that the Government should not leave the public under the wrong impression that the Palembang had been torpedoed, or the Government agrees with the verdict of the court, which would make it even more difficult to explain why the "Orange Paper" has no information to give as to the Minister's endeavors to ascertain the nature of the war vessel which launched the fatal shot. And meanwhile the list of Dutch victims of submarine warfare is steadily growing, and the Blommersdijk, on her way from a neutral port to a neutral port with a cargo of corn consigned to the Netherlands Government, is destroyed by a commander who believes himself authorized by his superiors to sink any ship that is to touch a British port. Public opinion cares little for an official statement from Berlin disowning this threat. Neutrals are not concerned with the instructions issued at Berlin, but only with the way in which these instructions are understood and executed by German commanders.

Herr Gosch will probably gain his case,* but the harmless word he repudiates will, by this official recognition of its decline, become a gauge of the sad decline of German prestige in this country.

*The Palembang was destroyed on March 8 of this year.

Notes from the Capital

JONATHAN BOURNE, JR.

The name, "Jonathan Bourne, jr.," attached to the outgivings of the Republican Publicity Association in the recent campaign is a fragrant reminder that one from whom we used to hear daily, but who dropped for a time into an oppressive silence, is not dead, but has been only sleeping. It would be hard to think of another man in American politics more ideally fitted by nature for a publicity engineer than Bourne, publicity having been so long almost his food and drink. He has had a colorful career. Born sixty-one years ago in New Bedford, he was apparently destined for a commercial life as either a shipping merchant or a dealer in whale oil; but in college he developed tastes which led his father to think it might be wise for him to go upon a good, long sea voyage somewhere. The experiment had important consequences, though not just those the old gentleman had in mind, for the wanderer did not return to the paternal home and step into his heritage, but, after seeing a lot of the opposite half of the globe, added a shipwreck off the coast of Formosa to his other experiences. Without pausing to quote the familiar proverb regarding persons who will never be drowned, let it suffice that, as there was no Formosan problem then to engage the genius of an enterprising young man, he consented to be picked up by a passing vessel bound for America. For obvious reasons she did not carry him back to Buzzards Bay, but landed him at Portland, Ore.

With the whole width of the continent between him and his old associations, Bourne settled down to do something, and the law seemed to offer the best opening, situated as he was. He was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-six years old, and would soon have won recognition in his profession if he

*Our readers will be interested to learn that since our correspondent wrote Mr. Ter Spill has been found guilty and forced either to pay a fine of $40 or to spend five days in prison.—ED. THE NATION.

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had stuck to it; for Portland was a good deal more like an Eastern town than any other embryo metropolis on the Pacific Coast, and his New England antecedents were a positive asset there. But Bourne was full of the spirit of adventure, and before long was interested in mining and development operations on a large scale. Then came politics, first as a recreation and later as a serious undertaking. All this, however, was for several years of purely local concern, the highest eminence he attained being membership of the Oregon Legislature and of the Republican National Committee. Nevertheless, he was not content to let Fate play its game with him unguided. He dipped into everything that he thought would, or should, interest the every-day people about him—good roads, improved mail facilities, the initiative, referendum, and recall, and, generally, whatever made for a larger participation of the individual voter in public affairs; and no one was more zealous than he in promoting the movement which finally led to the engrafting of the seventeenth amendment upon the Federal Constitution, providing for the popular election of Senators.

On its way to that end, Oregon adopted a popular primary system which was designed to make plain to the Legislature just whom the voters wished it to elect, though this indication, of course, had no mandatory force. Poetic justice was promptly fulfilled by the popular choice falling upon Bourne, who, once installed in his seat, fell characteristically to work "getting things done." As before, his specialties were good roads and the mails. As Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, and member of the Committees on Commerce, on Railroads, and on Transportation Routes to the Seaboard, he had a fine opportunity to put some of his cherished ideas into concrete form, and one of the accomplishments on which he most prides himself was the authorship of the Parcels Post law. He had also a chance to study at first hand some questions which had long been subjects of dispute, and, among other enlightenments, he became convinced that the Government was unfair in forcing the railways to transport the mails for an inadequate compensation. His position on this matter gave the chronic corporation-haters of Oregon a grievance on which to stir up sentiment against him. He did not realize how much they were making of it when the time came for electing his successor; and, supposing that all he had done for the dear people had been duly appreciated, he did not regard it as necessary to go into a struggle for reëlection, but remained in Washington attending to his regular work as a Senator. Only when the ballots had been counted did he realize on how frail a support he had been leaning. The very fellow-citizens whose governmental functions he had labored untiringly to magnify dropped him back into private life without so much as the form of a fond farewell. He bore his disappointment like a true sportsman, however, and still refuses to lose faith in the intelligence or right feeling of the proletariat.

Outside of his legislative duties, Bourne made himself conspicuous in Washington by his demand in 1908 that Roosevelt should accept a third term instead of pressing Taft into the Presidency; in 1911 by his denunciation of Taft's use of official patronage to obtain a reëlection; in 1912, by his activities in the new Progressive party, and in 1914 and 1915 by his unexpected but wholesome declaration against Government ownership of public utilities, as tending towards a perilous concentration of power and the establishment of bureaucracy on the ruins of democracy. The earnestness with which he plunges into his various lines of action occasionally takes eccentric forms, as when he reinforced his demand that Roosevelt run in 1908 by offering a prize of $1,000 for the best-written argument to prove that the President had no right, in defiance of the popular call, to refuse to serve for four years more.

As might be guessed from his methods in such matters, Bourne is by nature nervous, sudden of thought and act, and likely to run the whole gamut of emotional expression in the time it would take most men to make a single move. When he is pleased, his face fairly beams; but even a passing doubt will cloud it over in an instant, only, perhaps, to have the sunlight burst through again equally without warning. It is the same with his speech, which flies from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with the unexpectedness of a weather-vane in an equinoctial bluster. While talking, he stands still scarcely a moment, but paces up and down like a caged animal.

TATTLER.

Josiah Royce

By CHARLES M. BAKEWELL.

In the sixth book of "The Republic," Plato paints the portrait of the ideal or, as he says, "the true" philosopher. He must be a man of quick mind and retentive memory, devoted to truth and abhorring falsehood in every shape, temperate and thoroughly uncovetous, with no taint of meanness or little-mindedness or cowardice, gentle and just in his dealings with men; one whose spirit is full of lofty thoughts and privileged to contemplate all time and all existence, and who is, therefore, fearless in the face of death; one who is enamoured of all learning that will reveal somewhat of that real and permanent existence which is exempt from the vicissitudes of generation and decay, and of the whole of that real existence, willingly resigning no part of it, great or small, honored or dishonored.

A rare combination! And the fortunate possessor of these gifts now, as in ancient Athens, is almost irresistibly enticed away into less exalted pursuits.

Plato goes on to describe how puny souls, seeing the fair field of philosophy all but deserted, rush in to take possession, likening them to some baldheaded little tinker who has suddenly amassed a fortune, and taking advantage of his master's poverty, married his daughter. What can one expect in such a case but a base-born progeny! What in the former case but a spurious brood of sophistries! Whether this description fits our day, let the reader decide. Certain it is that the virtues Plato enumerates as essential to full capacity for philosophy were in Josiah Royce singularly combined, and that from his youth up he was steadfastly and unreservedly devoted to the cause of truth.

I am impressed by the massiveness of his learning. His mind was fashioned on cosmic proportions. I do not mean by this merely that his interest centred in *la haute métaphysique*, and that he fearlessly faced the problems, old as reflective thought itself, concerning God and Nature and Man, interpreting them in the light of recent scientific discoveries, and giving us new readings of ancient issues. Nor do I refer to the wide range of his intellectual interests, although as a polymath he ranks with the greater philosophers of the past, making contributions to mathematics and logic as well as to all the more strictly philosophical disciplines, and being familiar to an unusual degree with the work of recent science in its various fields. On one occasion at a club some one who had made a special study of the subject read a paper on meteorology, a theme that might seem remote enough from philosophical interests. Royce discussed it, and, such was his evident mastery of the subject, for the rest of the evening questions were addressed to him rather than to the reader of the paper. The instance is typical. He was always surprising one with such glimpses of hidden lore.

But what I have in mind is rather this. Royce never lost sight of the fact that philosophy's ambitious aim is vision in the light of the whole. And he always lived with his vision. This gave him not only his unusual serenity and poise, but also a facility (sometimes an almost suspicious facility) in piecing together the fragments of knowledge like the fragments of a puzzle picture, until the pattern of the whole was revealed. And all the little and seemingly trivial incidents of life were, for him, fraught with universal significance. The chance exclamation of a child learning a new game: "How do you be it?" and forthwith for Royce life becomes a game and the problem for the individual always, "How do you be it?" Once on a street car in New York he had occasion to take a transfer. But he never put it to its intended use. It was too precious for that. For on the back was an advertisement in which these sentences appeared: "Individuality sets you apart from all other persons who might possibly be just like you. The average woman feels that she might as well be dead as to be out of fashion. She wants to wear what everybody else wears, *but it must be with a difference.*" And this transfer slip becomes the text of a lecture on dialectic, on identity and difference, and the principle of individuation. I may be pardoned for mentioning these incidents, for they illuminate the character of the man. There was something essentially Socratic in this habit of elevating the commonplace, and in this combination of the serious and the playful.

James once remarked that the average undergraduate rarely understood Royce, but that he always had a sense that something big was going on. He was not, indeed, a successful teacher of undergraduates. This is, however, less a reflection on Royce than on the undergraduate, who has been pretty

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generally spoiled and expects to have truth handed to him diluted and peptonized. Royce never insulted the intelligence of his students by offering them a consistent and tenable theory of the universe wrapped in neat word packages. But in dealing with the graduate students he was masterful, always encouraging their independent efforts, giving them confidence in themselves and in the power of reason, yet always ready to put to rout the over-confident zealot by piercing his pet dogmas with a few skilful questions. He always showed a rare intellectual detachment. He was never the partisan of his own convictions; never sought to make proselytes. Never was an absolutist less concerned with having followers. Philosophy as he viewed it was always an individual venture, and he knew that only the least original of students ever repeat a teacher's views, and that one's most helpful collaborators are often one's severest critics.

But, above all, at this time, one must think of Royce as preëminently a good man, gentle and kindly, generous and unworldly, whose life was the embodiment of the philosophy of loyalty that he taught. In the face of the greatest personal affliction that can befall a man, his courage was undaunted, his head "bloody but unbowed." A few years ago, suffering an attack which would have led most men to surrender, he was but stimulated to greater effort, and put forth some of his best work, as if his intellect burned on with increasing brilliancy as his frail body wasted away; until, finally, the machinery stopped, and he fell asleep as peacefully as a tired child. We bow our heads and are fain to repeat the words a loving disciple uttered on the death of another great teacher of philosophy: "So perished the wisest and best man I have ever known."

At its last annual meeting the American Philosophical Association, in memory of his sixtieth birthday, did Professor Royce the signal honor of devoting two of its sessions to papers dealing with various phases of his work as a philosopher. These papers, with some others, have since been published as a commemorative volume by the *Philosophical Review*. This makes at once more difficult and less necessary the attempt to give here a critical estimate of his contributions to philosophy in its more technical aspects. I shall, therefore, confine myself to more general considerations.

The three names that stand out in the history of American speculative thought, preeminent above all others, are Jonathan Edwards, William James, and Josiah Royce. What Edwards accomplished in interpreting the spirit of American life and ideals in his day, James and Royce have accomplished in interpreting the spirit of American life and ideals in our own day.

It is customary to represent James and Royce as totally opposed in their philosophies, the one an empiricist and pragmatist, the other a rationalist and absolute idealist. I have no desire to minimize the differences between them—and they were frequently engaged in polemical controversy. But on the great thinkers all labels are misfits. And with them agreements are generally more numerous and more fundamental than differences. In this case I think the philosophies are complementary rather than antagonistic. It is certain that Professor Royce regarded himself as a disciple of Professor James, however unruly a one he may have been, and always generously acknowledged his indebtedness to him. And James was no less generous in the expression of his admiration for his younger colleague.

It is significant that both men received their early inspiration from men of science—the one from Agassiz, the other from Agassiz's brilliant pupil, Joseph Le Conte. Both were caught by the theory of evolution, were its enthusiastic exponents, and were bent on interpreting the larger problems of human life in its light. It is, however, no less significant that in their earliest scholarly activity James turned to anatomy, physiology, and psychology, Royce to literature, history, and logic. For as these differences suggest, James was from the first more interested in details, Royce in the completed vision.

This difference, which determines the divergence of their paths, is not unconnected with their personal history. James, brought up in the very centre of New England culture, a social favorite from the start, breathing an atmosphere of absolutism and rationalism, is stifled by his surroundings, and, in search of air, freedom, elasticity, makes his escape to science and psychology. The bogeys in the background of his thinking are ever after verbalism, closed systems, and drab respectability. Royce, on the other hand, was born and spent his early years in a small mining town in California, at a time when frontier lawlessness and the days of the Vigilantes were still fresh in memory. The young Royce was uncouth, and awkward, and of very unusual appearance, with a slight body and a very large head (mostly forehead), crowned with a shock of bright red hair. Boys are cruel to a fellow of such strikingly unconventional appearance, and as Royce has said, although his classmates early taught him the "majesty of the community," he found the experience grievous rather than joyous. A certain shyness resulted, and both at school in San Francisco and later at the University of California he was essentially the solitary student, given much to reflection, but knowing little or nothing of the social and sportive sides of college life. The bogeys in the background of his thinking are ever after lawlessness, capriciousness, fragmentariness, and isolation; and he seeks refuge in those humane pursuits which ever aspire to a certain comprehensiveness of vision—literature and history and philosophy. But he is saved from vagueness and sentimentalism by the stiffening effect of logic. It was characteristic that when, after studying at Johns Hopkins and in Germany, he returned to his alma mater to take a position in English literature, he should have decided that his students needed discipline in logic, and that, finding no book on logic suited to his needs, he wrote one. For as James is always the psychologist, gifted with unusual powers of observation and description, so Royce is always the logician, as skilful in its art as he is master of its theory.

Both men were fearless and intrepid thinkers, singularly free from cant, and distrustful of all formulas, knowing well that when thought has crystallized in the phrase, the life of thought has departed. Both sought merely to interpret the facts of experience as they themselves had found them. Both, however, saw clearly that facts are not such simple things as the average fact-monger supposes; but that part at least of their meaning comes through the coöperation of the experiencer. And hence for both the ethical and religious interests are never long out of sight. Royce's first philosophical book is "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy," and almost his last, "The Problem of Christianity." Most of the essays in James's "Will to Believe" were written early in his career, and the "Varieties of Religious Experience" comes towards its close.

In the all too simple classification of the day, James is set down as an empiricist, Royce as a rationalist; which distinction is explained by saying that the former looks to last things, facts, consequences, while the latter looks to first things, causes, principles. This is true enough as far as it goes. But it must be remembered that for James facts always include those larger human experiences which defy description in terms of the visible and tangible; and surely he was as far removed as Royce himself from the position of the pseudo-scientific philosopher, our modern positivist, who is in truth the representative in our day of the spirit of mediævalism, with its fondness for verbal solutions and its tendency to hypostasize abstractions. And for Royce principles are not decrees fulminated from eternity, in advance of facts, but are rather the threads of meaning that run through the facts of experience and bind them together.

Again, Royce is called a monist, James a pluralist. In his earliest work Royce does indeed find the desired unity in the concept of the Absolute or Logos, in whose life our partial purposes and fragmentary meanings are harmonized. The monistic tendency of this work was early the object of attack, the most notable assault being that of Professor Howison, against which Professor Royce sought to defend his doctrine in the supplementary essay published in "The Concept of God." And I think it is clear that a large part of Professor Royce's work throughout the remainder of his career is determined by this controversy and by similar attacks coming from other quarters, especially from his friend and colleague, James. His chief concern is to find in the world of the Absolute elbow-room for the individual. And when, in his latest work, what he called "The Spirit of the Beloved Community" has taken the place of the Absolute of the earlier works, the term monism is hardly pertinent any longer. James, on the other hand, found forthwith the desired variety in the facts of experi-

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ence. But I think it not an exaggeration to say that he spent his life in seeking to recover the lost unity through the discovery and justification of the faiths by which men actually live—which is what alone can save pragmatism from being merely a subtler form of opportunism.

Together, these two men stand as our great national philosophers, helping to define and make articulate the spiritual aspiration that underlies our experiment in democracy and justifies our confidence in its ultimate triumph, the one approaching his task mainly from the side of logic, the other mainly from the side of psychology.

We have, or flatter ourselves that we have, at last broken away from authority and tradition and dogma; we call ourselves progressives, are lovers of the concrete, believe in efficiency and the strenuous life, and admire, above all things, the man who "makes good." But while in its blatant spokesmen this Americanism smacks overmuch of the market-place and the athletic field, it is saved from such debasement by that deeper current of ethical idealism to which these thinkers have so clearly given voice.

Correspondence

THE EUROPEAN WAR AND THE CIVIL WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I observe a tendency in nearly every one of the current articles about the European war to compare that conflict with our own war of the sixties. Superiority in numbers and in economic resources having won finally for the North through the process of attrition, the writers constantly indicate a similar outcome in favor of the quintuple Allies over the Central Powers.

The Central Powers are outnumbered, it is true, but in nothing like the same proportion as was the South. The Federal Government in the four years of the Civil War mustered 2,600,000 men; the Confederacy only from 600,000 to 800,000. At the close of the struggle odds were from six to ten to one against the South.

In capacity to supply ammunition and munitions of all kinds the Federal Government was even more powerful in proportion. The North was an industrial region, the South purely agricultural. The Government of Jefferson Davis had to build from the ground up in industrial matters. It made a wonderful showing during the Civil War in manufacturing, but shortage in munitions due to the blockade contributed much in the strangling of the Richmond Government. The food supply was not received by sea. The South could not, as does Germany, take the money printed in its presses and buy of its home people the material it needed for its armies. The purchases had to be made abroad and the South could not establish a large credit because the blockade prevented its delivery of cotton.

Let us look at the comparative geographical situations. The South was a sparsely settled plantation country, stretching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, a distance of quite two thousand miles. It was vulnerable to attack by sea and land. The Confederacy had no navy, and the Federal fleets at once harried its coasts. Not until the latter part of the war had the ingenious systems of mine defence been perfected. The South contributed this invention as well as the ironclad and submarine to military science, but they came too late to prevent the landing of invading armies at many strategic points. Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Beaufort, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, and other points were attacked with success. On land invading armies coöperated with gunboats on the Mississippi, the Tennessee, Cumberland, and other rivers. By the summer of 1863 the Mississippi had been opened, thus bisecting the Confederacy. By January, 1865, Sherman had reached Savannah, and thus the fated Southland was split into three segments. Probably there was never a Government occupying territory more easily attacked by superior forces than the Confederacy, and its resistance will continue to be the marvel of the ages.

On the other hand, there could be found a no more compact region geographically, with a greater density of population (Germany has a population of 350 to a square mile, Austria-Hungary 210, against 200 in France and 20 in Russia) or better defended by natural bulwarks on land or by open seas than Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey in Europe and Asia: on the north the Baltic and North Sea, made impregnable with harbor and coast defence; to the south the Adriatic, the Ægean, the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and the Black Sea; on the west the Vosges Mountains, and, as an inner line, the great Rhine River; on the east the Carpathians and Transylvania Mountains, and, as a final defence, the Vistula River, so fatal to Napoleon. Even Turkey is favored by mountain and desert. The entrance of Rumania, it is true, admits a tongue-shaped salient which licks up Orsava and the iron gates of the Danube and threatens the Berlin-to-Constantinople railway. This is the point of greatest danger, and hence Mackensen's campaign in Dobrudja and von Falkenhayn's in Transylvania to relieve the pressure.

Again, it must be remembered that the Germans have overrun at least one-seventh of France, practically all of Belgium, all of Servia and Poland, Volhynia, Grodna, Vilna, and the Baltic provinces in Russia. Thus they have segregated something like fifteen millions of Ally population on the west and thirty millions on the east away from their colors. These territories do not furnish troops to Germany or Austria-Hungary, but they do contribute to them in an industrial way, weakening the Allies just that much by being withdrawn from participation on their side. Russia is spoken of as if its supply of human material were exhaustless. This is hardly true. As stated, about thirty million Russians, not to mention prisoners, are now under the enemy flag. Losses of at least six million troops in the field have occurred. The population of Russia at the beginning of the war was not known. The latest census was in 1897. It then had 127,000,000 people in Europe and Asia. It is now estimated at 170,000,000, but the sparsely settled regions east of the Ural Mountains can contribute little to the war.

The population of Germany in 1916, if the previous rate of increase has been maintained, is about 75,000,000 and that of the dual monarchy 55,000,000. Bulgaria has about 5,000,000 and Turkey 23,000,000, a total for the Central Powers of 158,000,000. The available population from which the Allies may draw at this time I estimate as follows: Great Britain, 50,000,000; France, 34,000,000; Italy, 35,000,000; Russia in Europe, 100,000,000, and Rumania 7,000,000, a total of 226,000,000.

I believe those figures indicate approximately the relative numerical strength of the combatants, which is about in the ratio of ten to seven and not two or three to one as often stated. Furthermore, numbers alone are deceptive. At the time of the Civil War artillery cut little more figure than cavalry. The infantry arm was all-important. It is the factor of artillery which disturbs any estimate of military power based on numbers. This and several other quantities cannot be ignored. The number of men (a) multiplied by the artillery strength (b) and by organization, geographical position, transportation, and leadership (c) gives this equation: abc equals x, the land military power of that nation.

Now we know that the Central Powers have the shorter lines and best systems of transportation; they have the larger supplies of iron and steel, and seem to lack no important material; despite the blockade they have sufficient food; they are well trained and led by veterans whom they trust. Trench warfare has eliminated the turning movements which decided the campaigns of Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Stonewall Jackson. Russia and Italy are weak in industrial capacity. For these reasons, I doubt the conclusion of so many writers that the Central Powers will be worn out in a war of attrition. They will probably lose ground they now hold, but I don't believe they can be crushed as was the South. The situations, instead of being alike, are strikingly dissimilar. It still seems to me that the war is destined to the impasse of which De Bloch wrote. All are whipped. All have paid much more than they bargained for. Every day the war is prolonged bleeds every land whiter and brings it closer to the precipice of bankruptcy. Then why should America, just because it leans to the Allies, encourage the prolongation of the war? Why should the world, neutral as well as belligerent, be compelled to pay the price? We ought to begin to survey the new situation brought about in the world with an eye single to truth. George F. Milton.

Chattanooga, Tenn., November 6.

MACAULAY AND APHRA BEHN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have been reading the interesting review of Mrs. Aphra Behn in the *Nation* of September 28 and October 5, and I note the following passage:

"Mr. Summers would have been wiser not to make a parade of Macaulay's words that 'the best of Defoe was in no respect . . . beyond the reach of Aphra Behn.' I have not [the reviewer says] tried to trace the context of Macaulay's statement; but it is a palpable absurdity to say that anything in 'Oroonoko,' or 'The Fair Jilt,' has the touch of creative power displayed in the great scenes of 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

This is a case where the context is all-important. "I cannot understand," Macaulay wrote, "the mania of some people about Defoe. He certainly wrote an excellent book—

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the first part of 'Robinson Crusoe'—one of those feats which can only be performed by the union of luck with ability. That awful solitude of a quarter of a century—that strange union of comfort, plenty, and security with the misery of loneliness—was my delight before I was five years old, and has been the delight of hundred of thousands of boys. But what has Defoe done great except the first part of 'Robinson Crusoe'? The second part is poor in comparison. The History of the Plague, and the Memoirs of a Cavalier, are in one sense curious works of art. They are wonderfully like true histories; but, considered as novels, which they are, there is not much in them. . . . As to Moll Flanders, Roxana, and Captain Jack, they are utterly wretched and nauseous: in no respect that I can see, beyond the reach of Aphra Behn."

That passage may be read in the fourteenth chapter of Macaulay's "Life and Letters." There is a noble and eloquent appreciation of "Robinson Crusoe" towards the commencement of his Essay on Dryden. Indeed, Macaulay being what he was, it was as certain that he would admire "Robinson Crusoe" as that he would admire Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress."

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.

Cambo, Morpeth, England, October 20.

EDUCATION THAT STIFLES HUMOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I regret exceedingly to have missed even one of Miss Repplier's shafts of humor which she shot so delightfully in her "Cross Currents." But it must be evident now to all of us that education is a dangerous subject to treat lightly. As for myself, a certain gloom and nebulosity progressively steals over my mind when I read the programmes and ideas of scientific educators. Being then on the search for material, I came upon Mr. Farrand's outline of the duties of the teacher and to his proposed remedy for the defects in education. My mind was thus in a receptive mood for solemnity and his incongruities seemed so very like other proposals for correcting the ignorance of childhood, that I unfortunately supposed him to be a cultivator of the vacuous science. There was my mistake, and for it I trust Mr. Farrand will accept my apologies.

LOUIS T. MORE.

Cincinnati, O., October 26.

THE PLACE OF A UNIVERSITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The comments in your issue of October 5 on Professor Seligman's address, under the caption "The University's Place in the World," were admirable. But in reading them will you allow me to confess that I felt a certain lack? It is not at all my wish to criticise, but only to supplement—to point out one aspect of the university that many of us, I think, would place even higher than the one which was put in the foreground by Professor Seligman and your editorial. I mean intellectual sincerity, devotion to truth, the unswerving will to follow truth withersoever it leads—and no less, to apply truth to life and make it prevail there. I use many phrases to include many sides of the one principle. Of course, this is so bound up with intellectual freedom that one cannot disentangle them; but is not this the more important aspect, the more significant, the real soul of the university, the source of its finest influence? It is in the consciousness of helping in some measure to feed that sacred flame that many a member of the university community finds a consolation for the obvious drawbacks and discomforts of his position. The maintenance and diffusion of that flame is the university's highest and distinctive service to the world.

THOMAS D. GOODELL.

New Haven, Conn., October 7.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The blunder of your reviewer in your issue for September 14 ought not to remain uncorrected. In reviewing a novel by Maxwell Gray, the reviewer speaks of the author as "Mr. Gray" and seems unaware that "Maxwell Gray," the author of a well-known novel, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is a woman.

WM. LYON PHELPS.

Yale University, October 20.

Literature

A GERMAN ARGUMENT AGAINST WAR.

The Restoration of Europe. By Dr. Alfred H. Fried. Translated from the German by Lewis Stiles Gannett. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

This is a book dealing with a familiar theme, on which more commonplaces—generally true and sound commonplaces—have been uttered with a more complete absence of profitable result up to the date of this writing, than on almost any other question of our time. It was with small hope of finding any novelty that we opened it, nay, perhaps should not have opened it at all but for the respect due to a German who has valiantly set himself against the ruling current of opinion in his own country and continued to preach pacifism, in season and out of season, for many years past. Born in Vienna in 1864, Dr. Fried lived for a good while in Berlin, till he recently found it desirable to transfer his residence to Bern, where he now publishes his organ, the *Friedenwarte*, or *Watchtower of Peace*, a tower from which the pacifist flag is kept flying almost within the sound of French and German cannon. Though a lover of peace, Dr. Fried is anything but a milk-and-water mollycoddle, and his language has a refreshing vehemence about it which comes well from one of his opinions.

The book is quite worth reading. To begin with, it is short—157 pages of small octavo in large type. Then, being addressed primarily to German-speaking men, it shows us how the author proposes to persuade them. It is, moreover, free from the characteristic defect of German books upon abstract subjects, a proneness to vague phrases and quasi-philosophical formulas, in fact, a sort of general "viewness" which makes American or English readers impatient, because they want to get at the facts. And, further, it is written with no apparent bias for or against any of the belligerent Powers. The origin of the present war is not indeed discussed, but such references to it as are made seem to imply that the responsibility for the catastrophe rests upon Germany and Austria at least as much as, if not more than, on France and England. He urges, of course, that the whole world, the whole "anarchical system" of international relations, is in the last resort to blame; but so far as his censures strike any one group, it is the soldiers and financiers of Germany. As the translator justly says in his short preface: "Dr. Fried speaks as a German thinking internationally, not as a pro-German. He nowhere condones in Germany what he condemns in other nations. He never seeks excuses—he seeks causes" (p. xiii).

The book starts by a description of the absence of organization—what it calls the "International Anarchy"—which now prevails between independent states. This is embodied in what Dr. Fried terms "Imperialism," though it comes nearer to what most people call "militarism"—the system and spirit of a state founded on force, pursuing its aims by force, and therefore obliged to maintain immense armaments. The sources of this "Imperialism" are described as being Mercantilism and Nationalism. Mercantilism is the desire to secure foreign markets for home products and the belief that these can be best secured by a war which appropriates them for the profit of the conquering state. "Nationalism" (not nationality) is the exclusiveness which separates the peoples of one state from other peoples, prescribing devotion to the state alone, and exalting its peculiar qualities. It emphasizes certain superficialities, which it represents as the "highest ideals of humanity"—a phrase which, whether or no meant for Germany, describes Germany. The product of this Imperialism is the system of huge armaments, competitive armaments, which each state is obliged to go on building up, nominally for the purpose of protecting itself, practically with the result of preparing itself to attack its neighbors. "Imperialism has made an instrument intended for defence into a means of realizing Imperialist ambitions of aggression and subjugation." "The self-contradiction of international anarchy could not be shown more clearly than by this unreasonable system of competitive armament. In contrast to organization—the natural system of conservation of energy—it is the unnatural high-water mark of wasted energy." Nevertheless, there are—so Dr. Fried insists—signs indicating that (p. 37) the world recognizes the mischief, due to international anarchy, and is combating it. The Hague Conferences—imperfect as their work has been—are a tribute to the feeling that some organization is required. Other evidence is supplied by the increasing number of treaties settling questions which interest more than one state, and even by the international congresses now so often held to deal with economic and social ques-

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tions. Especial praise is given to the treaties which were signed between the United States and many other states in 1913, because they secure a year's delay before the declaration of war, during which time efforts may be directed towards the settlement of a dispute. The lessons of the war up to the date of the publication of the German original of the book (April, 1915) are described in a striking chapter. It declares that the war has proved what a menace to peace great armaments have come to be. "The apparatus of armament had become so tremendously sensitive that, although created to preserve peace, it was so perfectly prepared for war that when a dispute reached its climax, a postponement even of a few hours was impossible. A few days' delay, even twenty-four hours' delay, would give the enemy an advantage that might never have been regained. That is why Austria-Hungary refused to extend the time she had allowed to Serbia to answer her ultimatum, refused to take part in the conference of Ambassadors proposed by Sir Edward Grey, and did not respond to the Serbian proposal to refer the dispute to The Hague: and that is why Germany refused the similar proposal made by the Czar on July 29, and allowed Russia but twelve hours to answer her ultimatum. . . . This delicately balanced system of armament, this extreme 'preparation for peace,' actually led to war" (pp. 63, 64). . . . "The outbreak of the present war has proved that the sacrifices of strength and wealth were made to a mere illusion, and that the armaments themselves inhibited rational means of adjustment; indeed, that the system of competitive armament inseparable from preparedness finally left no way out but to war—to avoid which the whole system was supposed to have been established. A further lesson is that the world war has demonstrated the ineffectiveness of all attempts to humanize and regulate warfare." "There is no such thing as humane warfare," said Dr. Dernburg, formerly Colonial Secretary; "the object of every war is the physical destruction of the enemy." "Yet this war is not qualitatively more inhuman than previous wars, but quantitatively its cruelty surpasses them all, because it is waged on so huge a scale and with such masses of men and such perfected weapons."

When he comes to the technical lessons of the war, Dr. Fried expresses his belief that Jean de Bloch was in the main right, though some of his views may seem to have been disproved. "The war will not end with a victorious conqueror dictating terms of peace to a vanquished opponent, as all the belligerents at first expected. The immensity of the states at war entirely excludes the possibility of complete defeat. There will have to be a compromise in the end" (p. 81). Since this paragraph was written much has happened, but it says something for Dr. Fried's judgment that he did not join in his countrymen's confidence of triumph. What are the practical results Dr. Fried foresees or recommends as likely to follow? He believes that the horrors and losses of the war will have made Europe feel that some international organization is inevitable. He desires two separate peace conferences, one to settle the terms of the peace, and thereafter a second "to guarantee a genuine peace for the future by the foundation of a new European international organization." In this latter the representatives of neutral nations and of the United States should take part, "and it must have the right to abrogate or extend the provisions of the previous treaty" (rather a bold claim). He looks forward to the formation of a "Co-operative Union of Europe (*Zweckverbund*)," which should deal with a large number of questions in which all, or many, of the countries are interested, and finds a sort of precedent for this, not in the United States federation (which he rightly feels to be a precedent totally inapplicable to Europe), but in the Pan-American Union administered from Washington, which has, he thinks, reduced the danger of wars in the New World. "The union should include all the European Powers, and should be directed neither against Russia nor against England, against Central Powers or Western Powers, but against the old Europe, its heedlessness, its bitterness, its hate and anarchy. Its service should be to promote the creation of an organized, a coöperative, a self-conscious new Europe" (p. 145).

We must pass by our author's vigorous denunciation of the methods of diplomacy and can quote only a part of his still more scathing reflections on the press, presumably the press of the two countries which he knows best by experience, though it may be that he includes others also: "Rank with poison, the press grows here with the very tree of liberty which signifies the deliverance of mankind from the chains of authority. For decades it has excited the peoples against one another, has deceived them about each other, and has misrepresented the attitude and intentions of them all; it has awakened and constantly cultivated every low instinct, and at the same time, with hellish conscientiousness, it has blocked the path of those ideas and efforts which might have enlightened and pacified mankind. It roused distrust, hate, and scorn, stirred the wild lust for blood and plunder until it could satisfy its instincts of profit in the flames of world calamity. All this has happened, and is still happening, under the mask of patriotism or 'a service to the Fatherland,' but all the while the greedy hands behind snatch up the profits of the trade in human beings" (p. 125). It is not our business to defend the German or the Austrian press, but, after all, may there not be some grain of truth in the saying that every country has the press it deserves?

The reader will ask how the objects which our author desires are to be effected. How is diplomacy to be reformed and placed under the control of the people? How is the European press to be compelled to mend its ways, and the Co-operative Union of Europe substituted for international anarchy? Dr. Fried admits that there must be a change of heart in the nations before these things can happen. They must learn to think internationally, forswearing their present animosities, and realizing how much they would have gained by some form of peaceful organization. He thinks—or at least he hopes—that the experience of the present conflict, which has destroyed all the old glamour of war, will help to bring this about. We may all join in his hopes—hope is the last bit of freedom that any one ought to renounce. But the consummation would seem to be still a long way off, for such a change of heart as is needed does not come easily either to peoples or to their rulers.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Hope of Glory. By William Schuyler. Boston: The Four Seas Co.

The author of this volume, son of the Very Reverend Montgomery Schuyler, D.D., Dean of Christ Church Cathedral in the Episcopal Diocese of Missouri, did not live to see it published. The story is preceded by an estimate of his character and personality from the pen of Mary Fisher, which many may find more interesting than the body of the book. Mr. Schuyler was impatient of the materialistic trend of the age, its lack of standards, of models, of any moral, any central thought, any inspiring spirit. The resultant confusion, it seemed to him, was well symbolized by the vagaries of futurist and cubist "art," merely "a jumble of fragments of Christian theology and morals and outworn splinters of misunderstood pagan ideas, tatters of pseudo-science with its terrific assumptions, ever changing and destroying each other; all blended together with a muddy daub of materialism." In the midst of all this he thought he saw signs of a spiritual awakening, leading towards a revival of the most beautiful ideals of the past, and the preparation of this volume was intended by him as a contribution to this revival. The appeal is not, we are told, "to the popular love of action, and to the very natural delight in brilliant and powerful description" which gave success to "Quo Vadis," but rather "to the rarer and maturer power of carrying out a logical train of thought." In an age of general instability of standards one may not be safe in assigning limits to the novel, but for those to whom it is still essentially a pleasure craft, "a logical train of thought" may develop into a cargo too heavy to be safely carried. One fears that the argument of this book will be followed to the end only by those who are already convinced. The temptation to overload such a work with classical archæology has not been wholly resisted. The entire story is thrown into the form of letters, averaging more than ten pages in length, a contrivance which has not scored a very flattering percentage of success in the history of fiction. The mangling of various

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Roman names is due to the fact that the author did not live to do his own proof-reading, for there can be no question as to the genuineness of his classical scholarship. The immortality of the individual soul, with its duty to seek and its power to find a higher good than that of the flesh, is of course the conclusion towards which the reader is led, and the climax is capitulation to the teachings of Paul and his followers on the part of Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus, a cousin of Nero, and chief among the pagan characters of the story.

Shadows of Yesterday: Stories from an Old Catalogue. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

As author of several historical romances, this writer has shown a good deal of power, not always under control, in visualizing and dramatizing the past. It is clear that her fancy works most naturally and freely upon a remote scene, in time or place, or both. The present collection of tales shows that fancy at its best. She has chosen a setting for her group such as might have appealed to Hawthorne. The Introduction shows us an old private museum, neglected and dust-covered and uselessly intact. It contains few objects of intrinsic value or merit, but among its odds and ends are certain relics of the past from which the story-teller's fancy reconstructs a past. Like so many feminine romancers, she has a fondness for the grewsome. Her past is a ghastly and rather unhappy scene. The episodes here imagined take place in the Italy, France, and Scotland of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A brass ring, a jug, a jewel casket, a faded portrait, a fan, a rapier—such are the visible clues which lead to the story. Crime, coquetry, intrigue, unhappy love, are the real themes. The reader who insists upon pleasantness will find little or nothing to her taste here, but there is a good deal for a reader who has a relish for the sombre side of romance. The tales are skilfully told, with an occasional slip in point of style. The writer's trick of paragraphing almost every sentence gives an effect of cheapness which is less than the stories deserve.

The Green Alleys. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The natural setting, always so important to Mr. Phillpotts, is the hop-country of Kent. It serves to inspire a number of those lyrical and well-nigh dithyrambic passages of description which we may always look for from this author. And, indeed, they are worth looking for: what living English writer has so eloquent a touch under this kind of inspiration?—"The russet of the ripe meadows and the silver of the mown hay were broken by green of many hop-gardens, whose foliage reflected the light, so that the hops, heavy and dark under gray skies, were now full of joyous radiance. Across the great plain swept also woodlands, that belted in the middle distance, with irregular passages of summer oak and elm, bossy and massive. . . . No salient features marked the horizon. Level as the sea, and pure as an opal to the sky edge it sank away, shot with delicate shadows of forests, broken only by spire or tower, by the cowls of hop-oasts, or the head of a windmill, sweeping its wide pinions against the blue. . . ." There is a haunting quality in this prose which we may match, perhaps, in passages by the late John Muir—hardly elsewhere in the literature of our own generation. The substance of the narrative is characteristic—up to a certain point. Here is another of those situations of the rustic triangle which Mr. Phillpotts has so often developed to some sordid or tragic ending. Two half-brothers love the same girl. The elder is illegitimate under the English law, because he has been born before the marriage of his parents. The property must therefore go to the younger. There is no strife upon this head, however. The brothers are really devoted to each other, and the elder, who is by far the stronger and steadier character of the two, is quite content with the position he is making for himself. The younger has more charm and less stability—is, above all, used to getting what he wants. Upon the rock of his selfishness the happiness of everybody concerned threatens to split. The girl loves the elder, and the younger chooses to resent this furiously. It is the outbreak of the great war which really intervenes, with its major call, and lifts the situation above the plane of provincial passions. The ending, therefore, is less sombre than it might otherwise have been, in the hands of this interpreter: less an affair of certain provincial Englanders, and more an affair of England as they represent her.

Wind's Will. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The purely decorative phases of Anglo-French relations a century ago are utilized in a "period" novel. It was in 1816, when the British soldier was as familiar a sight—though scarcely as welcome—in Paris as he is in 1916, that Colinette, who vended flowers in the Place Vendôme (being fair as a flower herself in the approved story-book fashion) loved a handsome light dragoon. The handsome dragoon obligingly repaired to the farm of Colinette's uncle to fight a duel and get himself desperately wounded. Being nursed back to health, he betroths himself to Colinette and spites the haughty Vere-de-Vere-ish beauty who has recently jilted him by turning out to be a genuine "Milord." Colinette, transplanted straight from the flower farm into fashionable life, excites much feminine reprehension and masculine admiration of her plebeian exuberance. Yet of such a stanchness is Milady Colinette that she safely weathers that worst of all storms that can overtake the heroine of a period novel—the discovery that her beloved husband is not legally her husband at all. If there is little or nothing in such a plot to arouse a reader's anxious interest, still the unwonted mingling of traditional French types with traditional English types gives the tale a certain picturesqueness.

MR. SOTHERN'S REMINISCENCES.

The Melancholy Tale of "Me." By Edward H. Sothern. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

Mr. Sothern has produced a very entertaining, if, in some respects, a disappointing book. Few persons interested in theatrical chronicles will fail to read it through when once they have taken it up, for it is written in a frank, engaging fashion, is well seasoned with amusing anecdote, and, in its discursive reminiscences, affords intimate glimpses of many notable personages; but it is too much occupied by trivial or impertinent detail, and passes over very lightly—probably from motives of modesty—the principles and practice, the arduous personal effort, which enabled a farcical comedian to become one of the most popular tragedians of his day in spite of physical and other handicaps. In many ways his career, highly honorable to himself, was one of the most remarkable in the history of the modern stage, and an analysis of the successive phases which marked his artistic development would have been both interesting and instructive. On this subject, however, he is almost entirely silent. He does, indeed, in his jocose recital of his early trials and failure, show that he was as full of ambition, industry, and courage as he was destitute of false pride, but of his later and more fruitful dramatic experience he tells little or nothing.

This is a pity, but it is only fair to point out that he describes his book as "my remembrances," not as an autobiography. As a matter of fact, it is much more largely concerned with other persons, his relatives or acquaintances, than with himself. In his opening chapters, dealing with his childhood, there is much flimsy padding, but his records of infantile dialogues, which seem to bear the impress of absolute veracity, are significant indications of mind and character. His chief interlocutor was his uncle, Hugh Stewart, who must have been a man of no common calibre. As a young naval officer, in 1852, he distinguished himself, in the Chinese rebellion of that year, by seizing the pig-tail of the notorious Commissioner Yeh and leading him captive, by that appendage, through the swarming rebels in the streets of Shanghai. He was the friend of Richard Burton and Chinese Gordon and started off alone with the Quixotic intention of rescuing the latter from the Mahdists who begirt him in Khartum. Later he was the hero of a blood-curdling ghost story in Italy. Evidently, he was endowed with a fine vein of cynical humor and a rare gift of observation, as well as with independence and intrepidity. To youth, with whom he chiefly consorted, he must have been a precious companion. The glimpses afforded of him are delightful. Perhaps the dogged per-

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severance exhibited in later life by his nephew, in the pursuit of histrionic fame, may have been fostered by his constant insistence upon the happiness to be won in the struggle after the unattainable. Hugh's discourses upon love, the music of the spheres, gentility, and other miscellaneous topics, with their felicitous admixture of shrewdness and whimsicality, constitute some of the most fascinating pages in the volume.

Very pleasant are the sketches of home life in the Stewart family. The famous Dundreary, one of the most charming of men, is here revealed as a devoted father, indefatigable in the devising of new joys and surprises for his juvenile brood and their young friends. For their amusement he indulged to the full his own passion for those practical jokes in which he rivalled Theodore Hook himself. In him they were simply the ebullitions of an intense vitality, but one reads of them with a sort of pity. He appears also in the character of a confirmed somnambulist and to exceedingly comic purpose in the story of "The Cocked Hat," which bears a suspicious resemblance to Barham's "The Tappington Ghost." It is not a violent assumption that as a story-teller the younger Sothern may have inherited some of his father's lively imagination. Apparently, he inherited also his faith in spiritism, and in support of it he narrates several striking instances. His account of the visitation of M. Le Tappy, if literally exact, certainly proposes a difficult problem to skeptics. Other of his mystical experiences may be explained readily enough by the strange vagaries of coincidence. They are well told and give spice to his pages, but there is no space here for quotation. None of them has much to do with his artistic career.

The same remark will apply to most of his purely theatrical gossip, which makes agreeable reading, but does not cover much new ground. In the old Boston Museum he had an admirable subject, but most of his space is devoted to the wild pranks which his father played with that excellent woman and actress, Mrs. Vincent. One could wish that they had been left to oblivion. In his story of the final breakdown of John McCullough there is infinite pathos, and he has a moving tale to tell of that estimable but eccentric veteran, C. P. Flockton. His sketch of the late Charles Frohman is both interesting and illuminating. The policy of that Napoleonic manager was vastly mischievous, but he was a man of fine personal traits and remarkable ability. This chapter was well worth the writing, but in too many of his vagrant reminiscences Mr. Sothern exalts the trivial at the expense of the essential. In his mass of more or less attractive irrelevances there is an exasperating lack of autobiographical substance. He is most self-revelatory and satisfying in his chapter entitled I Talk to Myself, an imaginary colloquy with an infantile portrait of himself, in which he defines the status and aim of the actor and insists upon the inalienable right of his calling to be enumerated among the arts. His argument, necessarily, runs along familiar lines, but is sanely and cogently expressed. It is a source of regret that he was impeded, by certain natural limitations, in putting into practice the theories which he expounds so admirably. He, it seems, was under no delusion as to the primary duty of the actor to be the interpreter of the author and not of himself, and of his own praiseworthy endeavors he writes with frank and becoming modesty. But in speaking of the risk and cost of Shakespearean production he betrays his infection by a most pestilent heresy, which for many years has been preached by purely speculative managers. Shakespeare, when competently acted, has never stood in need of elaborate spectacular adornments. He is no nauseous pill that must be gilded before he can be swallowed. His appeal is to the heart and brain, not to the eye. Never, from Elizabethan days until the present moment (in Lambeth), has he failed to draw when played with moderate intelligence and spirit. The common people have always heard him gladly. But he does require properly trained speakers and actors. Therein lies the crux. As for the National Theatre, of which Mr. Sothern is so ardent an advocate, that may or may not be a good thing. Much of the current talk about it shows abysmal ignorance on the subject. It is absolutely certain, however, that before old masterpieces can be popularized a new generation of actors, capable of doing them ordinary justice, must be established. Mr. Sothern has an inkling, but apparently no more than an inkling, of this necessity. He seems to overlook the fact that the great actors of the past century had companies of good players at their back. One transcendent actor—a Garrick, Salvini, or Edmund Kean—may make his own fortune; he cannot recreate a stage.

SIX VOLUMES OF AN IRISH LIBRARY.

Library of Irish Literature. Edited by A. P. Graves, William Magennis, and Douglas Hyde. Six vols. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1 net per volume.*

To the critical reader a "collection" makes but a slight appeal; more often than not it arouses in him a feeling of resentment towards the compiler who has had the temerity to select and offer to him choice morsels for his delectation, and he accords but slight gratitude to the editor who would spare him the pleasant task of making his own selections. Although the names of the editors speak for authority in the annals of Irish literature, their aim in the six volumes before us of the Library of Irish Literature is not clear. There are two conventional types of collections, the anthologies and the more ambitious "libraries" which reprint whole volumes from the works of standard authors. This series does both of these things. Perhaps a unity of purpose may develop with the appearance of the other volumes which an obscure note in the preface informs us are in preparation, but as no general introduction has been vouchsafed and the extent of the series has not been announced, we are at a loss to understand upon what principle the collection has been compiled.

A certain fitness pertains to making selections from the prose and poetry of Thomas [Osborne] Davis the initial volume of the series. The centenary year of Thomas Davis was 1914, and in the days when the question of Irish nationalism had again become a burning one, the reappearance of the works of the ardent patriot whose short but brilliant life was devoted to the cause of young Ireland was not inappropriate. Thomas Davis was a student of history and politics and a lover of the arts, and not the least interesting of the essays are those relating to the preservation of the archæological antiquities of Ireland. His verse, which in its day was said to have inflamed the hearts of his countrymen, to later generations speaks rather of amiable cardiac qualities than of high poetic gifts, and to be praised it must be judged emotionally rather than artistically. Had the editor given us the dates and places of publication of the various essays, such bibliographical details would have added value to the volume.

The second volume is a reprint of W. H. Maxwell's "Wild Sports of the West," a once popular tale of a sportsman's experiences in Ireland. The author was a clergyman of impecunious tendencies, who obtained the living of Ballagh—one well adapted to his tastes, as it was a place "without a congregation, but full of game." The book is a cheerful narrative of sport, interspersed with Irish legends and anecdotes. It begins as a novel and ends as an angler's guide.

By far the most interesting volume of the six is that entitled "Legends of Saints and Sinners," edited by Douglas Hyde, who says that his "idea in compiling it has been to give for the first time a collection of genuine Irish folk-lore which might be called Christian . . . folk-stories and folk-poems . . . that could never have been told . . . had not Christianity established itself in Ireland." The legends, translated from the Irish, were for the most part collected from word of mouth, and, with the exception of some of the editor's own poems, none of the material has heretofore been translated. Thus the collection becomes a real contribution to Anglo-Irish literature. In rendering the tales into English Mr. Hyde has combined the simplicity of the folk-tale with the charm of the literary artist. Each tale is prefaced by an explanatory note which gives the source from which the editor obtained

*Vol. 1. Thomas Davis: Selections from his Prose and Poetry, edited by T. W. Rolleston.
Vol. 2. W. H. Maxwell: Wild Sports of the West, edited by the Earl of Dunraven.
Vol. 3. Legends of Saints and Sinners, edited by Douglas Hyde.
Vol. 4. Humours of Irish Life, edited by C. A. Graves.
Vol. 5. Irish Orators and Oratory, edited by T. M. Kettle.
Vol. 6. The Book of Irish Poetry, edited by A. P. Graves.

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the story and a brief sketch of the legend upon which it is founded; thus authority is added to interest.

In "Humors of Irish Life" Mr. Charles A. Graves has gathered together thirty-three tales of blithesome, rollicking fun. They represent the boisterous humor of the practical joker, the elementary passions of love, revenge, and greed, and are full of the cheerful shedding of blood; but we miss in them the subtle and elusive humor to which the later school of Irish writers has introduced us. An essay of interest and permanent value, adapted from a paper which originally appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, forms the introduction.

"Irish Orators and Oratory," edited by T. M. Kettle, begins with Edmund Burke and ends with John E. Redmond, thus including the great names of three centuries. Mr. Kettle, in his admirable introduction, says that "oratory is at once the expression and the chronicle of that creative stress which has shaped the course of political development in every parliamentary country," and it is in illustration of this thesis that his selections have been judiciously made.

In the essay prefatory to "The Book of Irish Verse" Mr. A. P. Graves gives a critical bibliography of collections of Irish poetry, which will be useful to those in need of guidance. In the closing paragraph of the introduction Mr. Graves presents to his readers the "song wreath he has long been gathering for them" with these verses—not the least felicitous to be found in the volume:

These sprays of druid oak and yew,
And Red Branch rowans hoar with dew,
And sedges sighing from the strand
Where Oiseen rode to Fairy Land,
And festal blooms whose bardic breath
Pleasured the proud Elizabeth;
Heath plumes that o'er our Princes sang
Exultant to the battle clang,
Pale immortelles whose plaintive lay
Still murmurs o'er their hero clay;
And the wild flowers plucked with artless art
From out the Irish peasant's heart—
Wood shamrocks, *noineens* from the lawn
The *drinaun dhun* and *canavaun;*
Arbutus from Killarney's shore
Bog myrtle, magical lusmore,
And every blossom else above,
Dark Rosaleen's own rose of Love.

The volume as a whole speaks well for the industry of the poets and the impartiality of the compiler. The perusal leaves one with the conviction that nothing has been omitted that should have been included. If the collection leaves something to be desired in lyric quality, that is, perhaps, not the fault of the editor. The poems are grouped in seven classes, and occasionally the reader's patience is rewarded by the discovery of verses of real beauty. We remind ourselves that one must always dig for diamonds. These lines from Winifred M. Lett's "Blessings" bring back a memory of Stevenson:

It's what I thank God for each night—
A little cabin that's mine by right,
The strength of a man for work or fight,
And food and light.
. . . . . .
I thank God for the land I tread
A pipe to smoke and an easy bed,
The thatch I made that's over my head,
And daily bread.

The appeal of this volume is to the emotions rather than to the intellect or the ear, and a certain human and homely quality in many of the selections may well have endeared them to the authors' compatriots, but the critical reader will miss in the poems the high qualities of imagination and craftsmanship.

The make-up of the volumes merits little praise. The reader's pleasure would have been enhanced had a better quality of paper been used, and the margins of the leaves not been so closely trimmed. The binding is cheap, and no volume numbers have been used. The imprint bears no date. Such an omission leads one to suspect the publishers of desiring to perpetuate an appearance of contemporaneity, and this suggestion in connection with a serious and valuable collection is offensive. Authors labor under so many congenital handicaps that publishers and editors should be magnanimous and give them the benefit of all possible factitious aids. Clothed in proper apparel, the Library of Irish Literature would be not only a useful and interesting collection, but a dignified addition to any library.

Notes

"The Blue China Book," by Ada Walker Camehl, and "The Moose Book," by Samuel Merrill, are published this week by E. P. Dutton & Company.

"Sonnets: A First Series," by Mahlon Leonard Fisher (published by the author at 201 East Twelfth Street, New York), is announced for publication next month.

The following publications are announced by Houghton Mifflin Company: "Helen," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy; "Letters of Richard Watson Gilder," edited by Rosamond Gilder; "Complete Poems of John Hay" (limited edition), with an introduction by Clarence L. Hay; "Their Spirit," by Robert Grant, and "What Daddies Do" (juvenile), by Robert Livingston.

The following volumes will be published late this month by J. B. Lippincott Company: "The Practical Book of Early American Arts and Crafts," by Harold D. Eberlein and Abbot McClure; "The Practical Book of Architecture," by C. Matlack Price; "The Allies' Fairy Book," illustrated by Arthur Rackham; Æsop's "Fables," illustrated by F. Opper; "The Baby," by Joseph B. Cooke; "Home Labor-Saving Devices and How to Make Them," by Rhea C. Scott, and "The Teaching of Drawing," by S. Polak and H. C. Quilter.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish shortly: "In Canada's Wonderful Northland," by W. Tees Curran and H. A. Calkin; "A Daughter of the Puritans," by Caroline A. Stickney Creevey; "Central American and West Indian Archæology," by Thomas A. Joyce, and "Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville," by J. A. Lovat-Fraser, this last from the Cambridge University Press.

The following are among the autumn publications of the Harvard University Press: "The Harvard Volunteers in Europe. Personal Records of Experience," edited by Mark Antony de Wolfe Howe; "Addresses on Government and Citizenship," by Elihu Root, edited by Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott; "Addresses on Military Organization and Colonial Policy," by Elihu Root, edited by Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott; "Essays in the Earlier History of American Corporations," by Joseph Stancliffe Davis; "A Selected Bibliography of Slavic Europe in the Western European Languages, comprising History, Languages, and Literatures," by Robert Joseph Kerner; "An Approach to Business Problems," by Arch Wilkinson Shaw; "Personality in German Literature before Luther," by Kuno Francke; "The Composition and Date of Acts," by Charles Cutler Torrey; "Harvard Studies in Classical Philology," Vol. XXVIII, edited by a committee of the classical instructors in Harvard University; "Giotto and Some of his Followers," by Osvald Sirén; "Aristotle: Meteorology," edited by Francis Howard Fobes; "Genetics and Eugenics," by William Ernest Castle; "The Order of Nature," by Lawrence Joseph Henderson; "Laboratory Manual of General Chemistry," by Arthur Becket Lamb; "State Sanitation: A Review of the Work of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, 1869-1914," by George Chandler Whipple; "Adenoids and Tonsils," by Algernon Coolidge; "An Adequate Diet," by Percy Goldthwaite Stiles; "Calculus of Variations," by William Elwood Byerly; "The Pauline Idea of Faith in Its Relation to Jewish and Hellenistic Religion," by William Henry Paine Hatch; "The Spiritual Interpretation of History," by Shailer Mathews; "The Religious Thought of the Greeks from Homer to the Triumph of Christianity," by Clifford Herschel Moore.

The Librarian of Congress requests us to announce that the Library of Congress is revising its mailing list of libraries receiving the Annual Report of the Librarian. Any library or institution not at present on the mailing list and having a definite need for or interest in the report, should communicate at once with the Librarian.

The increasing importance of Rhodesia because of its exceptional mineral wealth in gold, coal, and iron, and because it is a stock-raising and agricultural country, is well shown by Mr. H. W. Fox in the *Geographical Journal* for October. An interesting factor in its growth is the motor machine, which is to be found in the remotest regions. A service of auto-cars has recently been established to connect the railway with Lake Tanganyika, a distance of some four hundred miles. Other articles are on the development of a river system in England, and the mapping of the earth, the presidential address to the Geographical Section of the British Association, by Mr. E. A. Reeves.

Those who have followed in the New York *Evening Sun* the excursions of Hermione and her little group of serious thinkers into the cosmic realms of advanced thought will be glad that her creator, Don Marquis, has gathered some of her delicious monologues into a volume (Appleton; $1.25 net). For the benefit of readers who are not acquainted with Hermione's random logic, we furnish a sample:

Aren't you just crazy about prison reform?

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The most wonderful man talked to us—to our Little Group of Advanced Thinkers, you know—about it the other evening.

It made me feel that I'd be willing to do anything—simply *anything!*—to help those poor, unfortunate convicts. Collect money, you know, or give talks, or read books about them, or make any other sacrifice.

Even get them jobs. One ought to help them to start over again, you know.

Though as for hiring one of them myself, or rather getting Papa to—well, really, you know, one must draw the line somewhere!

But it's a perfectly fascinating subject to take up, prison reform is.

It gives one such a sense of brotherhood—and of service—it's so broadening, don't you think?—taking up things like that?

And one must be broad. I ask myself every night before I go to bed: "Have I been *broad* to-day? Or have I failed?"

Though, of course, one can be *too* broad, don't you think?

What I mean is, one must not be so broad that one loses one's poise in the midst of things.

Poise! That is what this age needs!

I suppose you've heard wide-brimmed hats are coming in again?

We cannot think that Marion M. Miller's "American Debate" (Putnam, 2 vols.; $2 net each vol.) will be likely to serve any very useful historical purpose. The author, favorably known to college debaters by his compilation entitled "Great Debates in American History," has undertaken to supplement that work by a comprehensive history of American politics and political discussion from 1760 to 1865, based primarily upon the printed Congressional debates, and reinforced by brief biographies of the leading actors and by appraisal of the value of the issues discussed. It has been his hope, also, that the work would serve as a treatise on the art of debate and a collection of examples of American eloquence. The scheme is large, but the result is disappointing. More than half of the first volume, for example, is given to the Revolutionary period and the formation of the Constitution. Then follow sweeping reviews of the rivalry between Federalists and Republicans, and of foreign relations and the War of 1812; after which Mr. Miller passes to nullification and secession. The second volume deals with but two subjects, land and slavery. With all possible allowance for the right of an author to select his topics, the fragmentary character of Mr. Miller's work is at once apparent. The choice of the public land system for particular treatment in Volume II is, apparently, not without ulterior purpose, various statements rather suggesting that Mr. Miller thinks well of the single tax, and regards a reform in landholding as a necessary step, and one that ought long since to have been taken, towards the abolition of poverty. The reviewer disclaims any expert knowledge of what a treatise on the art of debate should include, but the present work fails to show any systematic treatment of that subject, unless a number of references in footnotes to a miscellaneous list of topics, ranging from polygamy and the tariff to the union label and New Thought, are to be so considered. As a collection of examples of forensic oratory the volumes are equally disappointing, speeches being represented by extracts or summaries only. Mr. Miller's own contributions to the text are, as a rule, accurate; but the reader will not be long in noticing that the authorities cited are mainly older books and secondary compilations, and that modern editions of the writings of American statesmen are hardly mentioned.

In the fever of preparedness which now has its grip on the American people, Edwin A. Pratt's latest book on "The Rise of Rail Power in War and Conquest, 1833-1914" (Lippincott; $2.50 net) is likely to arouse much interest. Although it confines itself to history and ends with the beginning of the present European war, it contains much of value to any nation that is engaged as we are in a mobilization of our transportational resources. The author, while well known in the field of transportation, is no expert in military matters, and it follows that the volume is not a handbook for the technical strategist. Neither is it the book to which a student of history would turn who wishes a detailed and thorough account of the work of railways in any particular conflict. The uses of the Trans-Siberian and Asiatic railways, for example, are more fully and satisfactorily handled in special treatises. The merit of this book is its summarized character. Its material is drawn from technical military journals, and from miscellaneous sources of various degrees of trustworthiness. It contains an elaborate bibliography of the subject, probably the most satisfactory in existence.

Almost from the beginnings of railways, in the third decade of the nineteenth century, their strategical value for military purposes was recognized. Germany was the first, in 1842, to devise a scheme of military railways. From this time on, there has slowly evolved a body of principles and plans of organization designed to meet various contingencies, with the result that in spite of the many new problems raised by the present war nothing new has developed in the use of railways except the employment of air craft for their destruction. It is a matter of much interest that the American Civil War was really the beginning of the scientific use of railways for war purposes, and that many of the problems were there worked out and the results adopted as the basis by other countries for further experimentation. Military railways as used in the Crimean War, the Franco-Prussian War, the Russo-Turkish and Russo-Japanese Wars, and other conflicts are described and appraised. The strategical railways of Germany are examined with the eye of an Englishman, and chapters are devoted to German activity in Africa and in Asiatic Turkey in which, although the facts of the case are doubtless authoritative, the interpretation of them is colored by a downright suspicion of Germany and all her works. The "Summary and Conclusions" of the volume bring together the advantages and disadvantages, and the conditions essential to efficiency in the relation of railways to war—conclusions which doubtless would furnish topics of endless debate among technical military men.

Dr. George Frederick Kunz quickly comes to the end of his subject in "Shakespeare and Precious Stones" (Lippincott; $1.25 net). The bard had, on the whole, surprisingly little to say about diamonds, rubies, pearls, and the like, and he reflects few of the quaint notions of the lapidaries, the toad's jewel apart, and, possibly, the connection between tears and pearls. The pertinent passages are all given at length at the end of the book, which is handsomely printed and embellished with excellent illustrations, only a few of which bear any relation to the subject. The letterpress, except as it occasionally touches on the history of the trade in jewels, a field in which the author has already written a number of volumes, is unimportant and in large part irrelevant. There is no possibility that Touchstone's simile of "your pearl in your *foul* oyster" betrays any knowledge of the precise method of decomposing the oyster in order to extract the pearl. The book is, however, a handsome one, and there may be those who on this account and by reason of the author's authority as an historian of jewels will be disposed to condone the random character of its jottings.

The Shakespeare tercentenary was to have been marked in England by the establishment of a theatre especially designed for the production of Shakespeare's plays, but the outbreak of the war checked these ambitious plans. Not to let the occasion pass without some notice, an imposing volume, "A Book of Homage to Shakespeare," edited by Israel Gallancz (Oxford University Press; 21 sh.), has been issued, which, by the globe-encircling variety of its contributors, gives striking expression, as the projected theatre was to have done on a larger scale, to the internationality of Shakespeare. Some familiar notes are absent from the harmony of praise. Germany, and, of course, her allies, goes unrepresented, save for a judgment, just and dispassionate, by Professor Herford, on "The German Contribution to Shakespearean Criticism." Throughout the book the tone is admirable. The bitterness of the present hour does not obtrude itself into the "calm serene." What Prof. P. Villey has to say, apropos of Montaigne's influence on Shakespeare, against a certain exaggerated type of German scholarship, he would have said at any time before the war. Only Waliy Ad-Din Yeyen closes his "Progress of Poesy," in Arabic, with what a kindly paraphrast informs us is "an imprecation on Krupp, and a blessing on Shakespeare for 'Romeo and Juliet.'" Here is "a feast of languages," Armenian Chinese, Burmese, and Bechuana, Welsh and Old Norse, scraps to delight the Holofernes in us, who, if he could see the book, would doubtless feel surprise that of Latin there is only a scant page in elegiacs by the president of Magdalen.

The foreign contributions are for the most part interesting rather than important. Several of the English contributors, fortunate, maybe, in having something on hand, have offered substantial little monographs. A few of these are Mr. Spielman's defence of the *Droeshout portrait*, Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland's commentary on Bianca's music-lesson, Mr. E. K. Chambers's discussion of the occasion of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Sir Sidney Colvin's suggestion of tapestries as a source for some of the descriptions in "Lucrece." Such material makes the volume more than a curiosity, entitles it to a place on shelves where scholars resort. No one, however, could find it a dull employment to page over the utterance of so extraordinary an assemblage of literary notables, to read the verses of Hardy, Dobson, and Noyes, the prose of Bryce, Kipling, Bergson, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, and Sienkiewicz. If one might venture an impression of the whole, it would be that the qualities for which the present time of stress most values the poet are his sanity and his common-sense orthodoxy, as he moves clear-eyed and equally at home amid the brave pageant of the world or penetrates to the hidden springs of human action.

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Drama

"GETTING MARRIED."

This play of George Bernard Shaw's is so well known that little comment on it is needed. His disquisition on marriage, the divorce laws, and the position of women in general, with the excursion into sex physiology of "Mrs. George's" trance scene, is a play for the study rather than for the theatre. Dramatically, indeed, it is among his poorest efforts. Through almost the entire piece characters are left wandering aimlessly about or sitting around at loose ends with not a thing to do, or they are taken on and off the stage in arbitrary fashion and on the flimsiest pretexts; even the lines show less brilliancy than in most of Shaw's plays, and more of the jests than usual are to be espied approaching when yet afar off. The thing is a preachment, not a play, and is made tolerably entertaining only by the Shavian pranks which the author plays with his characters, while the preaching is a good deal better done in the long preface which Mr. Shaw affixes to the printed version.

"Getting Married" was not popular when it was produced in London, and it may be doubted whether it will command any great degree of success in New York. If it should not do so, it will be the author's fault and not Mr. Faversham's, who stages the present production at the Booth Theatre. Beyond any comparison it is the best-acted piece and the most carefully chosen company that have been seen in New York for many a day, and the stage management has done all that could be done in minimizing the inherent defects of the piece to which we have alluded. The cast might fairly be described by the objectionable theatrical expression "all-star," but in point of fact it is that infinitely better and rarer thing, an admirably balanced company of accomplished players, such as is commonly seen in France, was often seen in New York in the days of the old stock companies, but seldom visits Broadway under the present "star" system. Mr. Faversham plays the Bishop of Chelsea with delicate appreciation of the subtleties of that character; in Lumsden Hare's General Bridgenorth, the "silly soldier man," there is a real touch of genius, and the impersonation will certainly rank among this clever actor's most successful efforts; Charles Cherry is a capital St. John Hotchkiss; George Fitzgerald gives distinct individuality to the part of Reginald Bridgenorth, and John Harwood gets every ounce of humor out of the amusing Collins. Of the women the cleverest performance is that of Miss Hilda Spong as Lesbia Grantham; Miss Henrietta Crosman mars by over-emphasis an otherwise intelligent interpretation of the difficult rôle of Mrs. George; Miss Arleen Hackett is a vivacious Mrs. Reginald Bridgenorth. The cast is completed by Hugh Dillman, Edwin Cushman, Herbert Belmore, and Miss Virginia Fox Brooks. If it were a better play, we should regret Mr. Faversham's arbitrary division of the piece, which is written in one long act, into three acts. S. W.

"GOOD GRACIOUS, ANNABELLE."

It would be doing this dramatic trifle by Clare Kummer injustice to treat it seriously. The play is, in fact, merely a romantic farce, so designed as to give the principal, Miss Lola Fisher, ample opportunity to display an altogether charming frivolity. In these days of expensive cooks, or of no cooks at all, the author, like two other playwrights of the season, has seized upon the kitchen as typifying, presumably, the balance of power in our domestic affairs. As is the case with "Come Out of the Kitchen," the servants in the present play are, in part, fashionables in disguise, but with this difference, that the make-believe cook is purely a sweet ornament and does not meddle with pots and kettles. The plot is rather too complicated to recount in brief compass, and it is enough to say that it contains threads connecting it, not only with the play just mentioned, but with "Upstairs and Down" and, at a distance, with "The Great Divide." In addition to Miss Fisher the following members of the company may be commended for their work: Walter Hampden, as the rich Western mine owner; May Vokes, as a decidedly eccentric and casual servant, and Edwin Nicander, as a wealthy and pampered young man of fashion. F.

"OLD LADY 31."

In these days of revues and musical comedies and farces, not to speak of the fill of politics and of war, it is refreshing to turn to a little old lady's love story. In just such a play Emma Dunn is presented as a star at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, by Lee Kugel as producer, and Rachel Crothers as playwright, and her performance is of so high an order, her attitude so sympathetic, and her acting so restrained that a long and successful run seems assured. As Angie she appears as an old-fashioned little body wearing an old-fashioned poke bonnet, with curls to match. She is a pathetic little figure as she steps out of the house, in which she has lived since the day she came there a bride, and looks at the smoke, lifting from the kitchen chimney, for all the world as if it expected her to return. But Angie is not to return. After all these years she and her husband have reached parting ways. The unfortunate investments of Abe, the husband, an old sea captain, have brought them to this strait, and Angie is going to an old ladies' home, with the last $100 left them, while Abe is going to the poor farm, five miles away. And so, Abe wheeling off their belongings, they start for the old ladies' home. There, to the infinite joy of Angie, lodging is offered also to Abe. In the passing months Abe finds himself the hero of the home. But inevitably jealousies arise. Abe's attitude has not been altogether one of strict neutrality towards the thirty spinsters domiciled there. He falls off his pedestal, and in one moment he is dismissed, and in the next, through the intercession of Angie, is taken back. This quick succession of events serves, however, only to convince Abe that he ought to go to the poor farm, and he is on the point of going when news comes that one of his investments has turned out well, and there is smooth sailing ahead for himself and for Angie, and plenty to share with those who befriended them.

That this is flimsy material for a play is evident. It is in the drawing of the character of Angie, and of the spinster types, that Miss Crothers scores. With Abe she has been less fortunate. In no manner of speech and in no attitude of mind is he what one might expect of a sea captain. In fact, the only words in keeping with his part were spoken by Angie. That was when she, seeing the growing storm of jealousy, remarked sagely that "bad squalls sometimes come out of mighty small clouds." Another artistic fault of the play is the bringing in of a very forced young romance. This may be necessary to accentuate Angie's love story, but it is clumsily done.

To some extent Reginald Barlow, as Abe, overcomes the shortcomings of his part, but clothes do not always make the man, and one is never quite convinced that Abe would know the run of an anchor chain if he heard it. Vivia Ogden and Mrs. Felix Morris are highly entertaining in spinster rôles, and Edward O'Connor makes much of a very minor part. H. L.

"THE BASKER."

Imported from London, where Mr. George Alexander played the part now taken by Mr. Cyril Maude, this piece, by Clifford Mills, is a pleasantly written artificial comedy of a type that has been familiar on the English stage during the decade or so before the war. It is the kind of play that depends almost entirely for its success upon what the actor contributes to the principal rôle. The theme is frankly artificial and highly improbable. So much the better for Mr. Maude, whose easy and finished impersonation almost persuades us of the plausibility of George De Lacorfe and the situation in which he finds himself.

The "basker" is this George De Lacorfe, scion of a proud and ancient stock, who asks nothing better than to bask in the sunlight of life, free of responsibility, who wants everybody to be happy, and himself first of all. To his dismay he comes into the family dukedom and estates. From the title he cannot escape, but the estates and the responsibility that goes with them he can get rid of by breaking the entail and deeding them over to the next heir, his cousin, Richard, a dissipated scamp, whose worthlessness is recognized by everybody but the easy-going George. As a condition to receiving the estates Richard is to marry Diana Terlbot, an heiress with whom George himself is really in love, but whom, with that wilful misunderstanding beloved of playwrights, he is altruistically anxious to hand over to Richard because he conceives, for no very apparent reason, that Richard must love Diana and Diana Richard. In the third act we turn suddenly from flimsy comedy to what may be described as light melodrama, a diamond tiara, a secret passage in an ancient castle, and a clandestine meeting with a jade figuring as the means of the rascally Richard's undoing on the eve of his wedding. And that which has really roused George to a sense of his responsibilities is the impassioned utterance of his valet retailing the glories of the house of De Lacorfe as culled from a book on the family surreptitiously perused!

In the hands of Mr. Maude and a most competent cast, much of the inherent absurdity of this plot is lost sight of, and the play, though it remains trifling, is still a most entertaining trifle. Next to the performance of Mr. Maude himself the present representation owes most to Miss Maud Milton's graphic interpretation of the Duchess of Cheviot, a haughty old aristocrat with a soft spot in her heart for her grandson, George. Miss Muriel Martin Harvey plays prettily and with un-

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derstanding as Diana Terlbot; Miss Cynthia Brooke gives the finished performance that one expects in the relatively minor rôle of Philippa De Lacorfe; Edgar Norton is excellent as the impassioned valet, and Hassard Short's interpretation of the villain of the piece is smooth and well conceived. The play is presented at the Empire Theatre. S. W.

Music

BIZET'S "PEARL FISHERS" AND THE BOSTON OPERA.

When Emma Calvé was one of the leading singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, "Carmen" was the favorite opera in the repertory. After her departure it was shelved for several years until Geraldine Farrar made up her mind to appear as her successor and rival, the result being that Bizet's opera—the best opera, in my opinion, ever composed, apart from Wagner's work—again came so much into the limelight that Charles A. Ellis, the manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, organized a special company—now in full activity—for the purpose of exhibiting Miss Farrar (her stage name is not altered by marriage) in her latest part. Bizet having thus once more become a popular hero, it was natural that Mr. Gatti-Casazza should consider the advisability of producing another work by him—a procedure which would also help to remove the reproach that the great institution over which he presides is not giving French music the attention it is entitled to. But Bizet died young, and the only work of his suitable for revival was "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," which the manager of the Metropolitan was the more ready to produce because in his early days as operatic manager he had staged it successfully at Ferrara, and with a cast including Caruso and De Luca, both of whom also appeared at the revival of the opera last Monday, the heroine's part being taken by Frieda Hempel. It may be said at once that the performance, under the capable direction of Giorgio Polacco, was in every way excellent, and that "The Pearl Fishers," while far from being the equal of "Carmen," was better worth producing than most of the novelties seen within the last decade at the Metropolitan.

When this opera was created and sung in Paris, in 1862-3, Bizet was in his twenty-sixth year, just back from Italy, where he had lived, as winner of the grand prix de Rome. There he had come under the influence of Verdi, yet there is in his score more suggestion of Gounod (whose "Faust" was produced in 1859) and of Meyerbeer than of that Italian. The simple air of the heroine at the end of the second act is spoiled by the addition of florid stuff quite in Meyerbeer's manner; and Meyerbeerish, too, are the choruses, in both song and demeanor. Bizet, eager to succeed, was ready to follow famous models; yet there is in this juvenile and immature score much that suggests his later and greater works: "L'Arlésienne" and "Carmen," particularly in the orchestral part, in which there are some real pearls which the fishers in his plot, had they been music-lovers, would have found it worth while diving for. This plot is concerned with two pearl fishers in Ceylon, intimate friends, both of whom love the same girl, Leila. One of them is chosen king, while the other continues to make love to Leila, now a priestess under vow of celibacy and chastity. For this the two are condemned to the stake. The King helps them to escape, for which he himself is condemned to death. It is hardly to be wondered at that Bizet was not inspired by this plot, as he was by the picturesque story of "Carmen"; yet the revival of this opera (which was a novelty here except that two acts of it were given to please Mme. Calvé, in 1896) was a just tribute to the genius of the composer of "Carmen," though there are not a few dull moments in it, which even the singers named and the sumptuous scenery provided by the management cannot make one overlook.

Reference has been made to the Ellis Opera Company, which is now touring the country. It is only a temporary organization, ending when Miss Farrar returns to the Metropolitan in January. But there is another company on tour which is intended to last all season, and will so last if the American public knows how to appreciate a good thing. During the week before "The Pearl Fishers" opened the Metropolitan season the Lexington Theatre harbored the Boston-National Opera Company, which gave a series of seven performances that were in most respects on a level with those usually given of the same operas at the Metropolitan. The works heard were "Andrea Chénier," "Madama Butterfly," "L'Amore dei tre Re," "La Bohême," and "Iris." In reviving an opera by Umberto Giordano it would have been better to choose the picturesque "Siberia" than "Andrea Chénier," which is musically less inspired. It provides, however, good opportunities for Signor Zenatello to reveal the splendors of his voice, and he made excellent use of them. He is a better singer and a greater artist than he was in his New York years at the Manhattan Opera House. Luisa Villani also gave great satisfaction in this opera. Maggie Teyte charmed as Mimi in "La Bohême," sharing the honors with Riccardo Martin, whose splendid voice and vocal art also evoked much applause in "Madama Butterfly." In José Mardones this organization has another admirable acting vocalist whose part of the blind father in "Iris" particularly impressed itself on the memory. In this opera, as also in "Madama Butterfly," the Japanese prima donna, Tamaki Miura, again distinguished herself. Her voice, though agreeable and expressive, has suffered somewhat since last season from overwork, but as an actress she has become even more eloquent and expressive, rivalling Sada Yacco, who was the first to show Americans what Japanese women can do on the stage.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

THE WEEK AFTER ELECTION.

The usual experience of the week after election, from the point of view of the "downtown man," is that he talks of nothing else on Monday and Wednesday, surveys Thursday's complete figures with academic interest, and by Saturday is so sick of the whole subject that he is glad to devote his conversation to the coming opera season or the price of eggs. Four years ago to-day, for instance (after that season's continuous political performance of seven successive months), Wall Street felt that the newly arrived Balkan War was a fortunate coincidence. It gave something altogether different to talk about.

Last week, business on the Stock Exchange was extremely large in the four days following the election. On one of those days, two million shares changed hands. Yet, although at times the alternate movement of prices, up and down, was violent, the changes at the end of the day turned out to be surprisingly small. Wall Street itself was disposed to attribute the confused market of Wednesday to the sudden upsetting of the election-night assumption that Hughes had been elected; the bewilderment of Thursday and Friday to vague apprehension of a disputed election, and the weakness of Saturday to the financial community's disappointment at Mr. Wilson's reëlection. These explanations may have been correct, or they may have been merely the imaginings of Wall Street.

In nine Presidential elections out of ten, however, the September and October predictions of a rescued or ruined country are forgotten after election night. When, on the tenth occasion, they are remembered and insisted on, the result is apt to be confusing. Wall Street, taken individually, believed at the end of election week in 1884 that Cleveland's victory could mean nothing but immediate trade depression. At the end of election week in 1896, it believed even more positively that the defeat of Bryan meant instantaneous resumption of prosperity.

There were mills which actually shut down in response to the prevalent feeling, during November, 1884, and closed mills which promptly reopened in November, 1896. That pathetic trustfulness in fulfilment of campaign prophecies ran its course pretty quickly. Another week or month, and the mills which had stopped on the one occasion had to resume in order to keep up with ordinary business, while those which had started up on the other occasion had to stop again. Each incident was a strong hint that Presidential elections do not make or unmake prosperity.

But suppose that there had been a contested election; what then? Wall Street and the country as a whole have had some practical experience with that. The morning papers of November 8, 1876, had, with one

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exception, conceded the victory of Tilden. That newspaper "claimed" for Mr. Hayes one doubtful State which the others had conceded to the Democrats, and announced the probable election of the Republican candidate. A few days later the dispute converged on three other States; the whole election was in doubt.

Without the electoral vote of all of them, Mr. Hayes and the Republican party were defeated; if all of them were counted for him, he was elected by a majority of one. The counter-claims of the "returning boards" of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana; the charges of fraudulent voting; the refusal of Congress to count the votes without investigating them; the reference of the question to a bi-partisan electoral commission of Congress, made up the well-known sequel. The question of who had been elected was not officially and finally decided until March 2—nearly four months after Election Day, and only forty-eight hours before inauguration.

In the week after election—so a contemporary financial review declared—"political excitement interfered with business to an extent almost unprecedented." "Reluctance about entering into any engagements reaching into the future" was a controlling influence. Throughout December and January, this condition continued. "The main talk of Stock Exchange bulls," this same review continued, "was concentrated on the hopefulness which should be felt on the settlement of the political difficulties." Yet even up to the middle of February, there was "continued depression in speculative stocks."

It was not unwarranted; for there was talk of armed resistance. On the floor of Congress, when one Representative, after declaring that the defeated party "must make an ignominious surrender or must fight," asked if the House was prepared for the second alternative, he was greeted by shouts of Yes! An eminent historian has stated his own conclusion that in reality "the country was on the verge of civil war."

It is true, stocks declined at the worst only 4 to 5 points from the preëlection level. Yet the financial markets had certainly been upset; and when eight years later, in the election of 1884, the possibility of another disputed election came into temporary view, the stock market yielded immediately. On the day after that election, the New York papers were absolutely conflicting in their announcements. It was not until Friday of election week that the thirty-six votes of New York State, on which the whole Presidential result depended, had been so thoroughly canvassed as to determine that New York had gone for Cleveland by 1,149.

There was a very decided fall on the Stock Exchange during the days of uncertainty, running to 4 points in some shares. When Cleveland's election was at last announced, we are told that "the market opened weak and lower," but that, "contrary to expectations, a recovery immediately set in." This was in spite of the actual closing-down of certain manufacturing plants because the low-tariff candidate had been elected. The Stock Exchange, however, was looking ahead, as it usually does, and was not selling stocks because of even Wall Street's political disappointment. Perhaps, even at the end of election week, it foresaw the conditions which made the same contemporaneous reviewer write, in his description of the ensuing year, that "1885 was one of the most remarkable years ever known in the stock market."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Cabell, J. B. The Certain Hour. McBride. $1.35 net.
Chekhov, A. The Darling and Other Stories. Transl. by C. Garnett. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Clyde, I. Beatrice the Sixteenth. London: Bell.
Cobb, I. S. Fibble, D. D.! Doran. $1.20 net.
Lucas, E. V. The Vermillion Box. Doran. $1.35 net.
McCarthy, J. H. In Spacious Times. Lane. $1.35 net.
Morton, V. The Whirlpool. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Nesbit, E. The Incredible Honeymoon. Harper. $1.30 net.
Oyen, H. *The Snow-Burner.* Doran. $1.25 net.
Sapper. Men, Women, and Guns. Doran.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Buck, G. The Social Criticism of Literature. Yale University Press. $1 net.
Cary, W. M. Sally Cary: A Long Hidden Romance of Washington's Life. Privately printed.
Descamps, P. La Formation Sociale du Prussien Moderne. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Dreiser, T. A Hoosier Holiday. Illustrations by F. Booth. Lane. $3 net.
George, W. L. The Intelligence of Woman. Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Maurice, A. B. The New York of the Novelists. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Quayle, W. A. Recovered Yesterdays in Literature. Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.
Red Cross and Iron Cross. By a Doctor in France. Dutton. $1 net.
Rider's New York City. A Guide-Book for Travelers. Holt. $3.10 net.
White, W. A. Mechanisms of Character Formation. Macmillan. $1.75.
Wier, M. C. *The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus.* Century. 65 cents.
Wilstach, F. J. A Dictionary of Similes. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Worthington, J. H., and Baker, R. P. Sketches in Poetry, Prose, Paint, and Pencil. Lane. $15.
Wright, H. W. Faith Justified by Progress. Scribner. $1.25 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Husik, I. A History of Mediæval Jewish Philosophy. Macmillan. $3 net.
Jones, R. M. The Inner Life. Macmillan. $1 net.
Moore, C. H. The Religious Thought of the Greeks. Harvard Univ. Press.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Adams, H. F. Advertising and Its Mental Laws. Macmillan. $1.50.
Brown, J. C. Every American's Business. Mitchell Kennerley.
Hugins, R. The Possible Peace. Century. $1.25 net.
McPherson, L. G. How the World Makes Its Living. Century. $2 net.
Robinson, W. A. Jeffersonian Democracy in New England. Yale Univ. Press. $2 net.
Salt, H. S. The Flogging Craze. Foreword by Sir George Greenwood. London: G. Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.
Shaw, A. W. An Approach to Business Problems. Harvard Univ. Press. $2 net.
Spencer, H. The Man Versus the State. Edited by T. Beale. Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.
Taylor, C. F. A Conclusive Peace. Winston. 50 cents net.
The Outlines of Economics. Third edition, revised. By Drs. Richard T. Ely, T. S. Adams, M. O. Lorenz, and A. A. Young. Macmillan. $2.10.
Tucker, H. St. G. Woman's Suffrage by Constitutional Amendment. Lectures delivered at Yale. Yale University Press. $1.35 net.
Ulrich, B. A. Abraham Lincoln and Constitutional Government. Chicago: Legal News Press.
Zionism and the Jewish Future. By Various Writers. Edited by H. Sacher. Macmillan. $1 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Burton, R. Bernard Shaw, The Man and the Mask. Holt. $1.50 net.
Canada's Future: What She Offers After the War. A Symposium of Official Opinion. Edited by E. A. Victor. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Colum, P., and Others. The Irish Rebellion of 1916 and its Martyrs: Erin's Tragic Easter. Edited by M. Joy. The Devin-Adair Co. $2.50 net.
Gade, J. A. Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden. Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Gibbons, H. A. The New Map of Africa. Century. $2 net.
Hall, C. R. Andrew Johnson: Military Governor of Tennessee. Princeton University Press. $1.50 net.
Harper, G. McL. William Wordsworth, His Life, Works and Influence. Vols. I. and II. Scribner.
Porter, Mrs. A. The Life and Letters of Sir John Henniker Heaton, Bart. Lane. $3 net.
Recouly, R. General Joffre and His Battles. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Redmond-Howard, L. G. Six Days of the Irish Republic. Boston: Luce.
Ross, G. Argentina and Uruguay. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Roustam-Bek, B. Aerial Russia. Lane. $1 net.
Scherer, J. A. B. Cotton as a World Power. Stokes. $2 net.
The Last Days of the Archduke Rudolph. Edited by H. Grant. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
Wheeler, H. F. B. Stirring Deeds of Britain's Sea-Dogs. McBride. $1.50 net.
Whitlock, B. Abraham Lincoln. Small, Maynard. $1 net.
Yohannan, A. The Death of a Nation. Putnam. $2 net.

POETRY.

Chamberlin, H. H. The Broad Way and Other Poems of the Great War. Privately printed.
Colum, P. Wild Earth and Other Poems. Holt. $1.25 net.
Gilbert, B. War Workers and Other Verses. London: Erskine Macdonald.
Stephens, J. Green Branches. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
The Complete Poetical Works of John Hay. Introd. by C. L. Hay. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Thomas, G. Birds of Passage. London: Chapman & Hall. 1s. net.
Wallis, J. H. The Testament of William Windune and Other Poems. Yale Univ. Press. $1 net.
Watts-Dunton, T. Poetry: The Renascence of Wonder. Dutton. $1.75 net.

SCIENCE.

Keniston, J. M. The Kingdom of the Mind. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Rose, M. S. Feeding the Family. Macmillan. $2.10 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Dix, B. M. Moloch. (Borzoi Plays II). Knopf.
Greene, K. C. The Little Boy Out of the Wood, and Other Dream Plays. Lane. 75 cents net.
Havemeyer, L. The Drama of Savage Peoples. Yale Univ. Press. $1.75 net.
Henrik Ibsen: Brand. Translated into English verse by Miles M. Dawson. Boston: The Four Seas Co.
Ledoux, L. V. The Story of Eleusis. A Lyrical Drama. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Nirdlinger, C. F. Four Short Plays. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Norwood, R. The Witch of Endor. Doran. $1.25 net.
Oliver, M. S. Six One-Act Plays. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

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Rogers, B. B. The Comedies of Aristophanes. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Stanford, C. V., and Forsyth, C. A History of Music. Macmillan. $2 net.
Stokes, R. P. The Woman Who Wouldn't. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Wilson, L. P. The Fruit of Toil. Bobbs-Merrill. 75 cents net.

ART.

Barstow, C. L. Famous Sculpture. Century. $3 net.
Hamlin, A. D. F. A History of Ornament, Ancient and Medieval. Century. $3 net.

JUVENILE.

A Russian Garland of Fairy Tales. Edited by R. Steele. McBride. $1.50 net.
Burnet, D. The Shining Adventure. Harper. $1.30 net.
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